

Zion's Herald.

PUBLISHED BY
BOSTON WESLEYAN ASSOCIATION,
36 Bromfield Street, Boston.
A. S. WEED, Publisher.

BRADFORD K. PEIRCE, Editor.

All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for this locality.

Price \$2.50, Payable in Advance.
Postage 20 cents per year.

Specimen Copies Free.

Vol. LVI.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1879.

No. 37.

Zion's Herald.

ADVERTISING RATES.
First Insertion (Agate matter) per line 25 cents.
Each continued insertion, " " 15 " "
Three months, 13 insertions, " " 35 " "
Six months, 26 " " 65 " "
Twelve months, 52 " " 125 " "
Business Notices, " " 15 " "
Reading, " " 5 " "

No Advertisement published for less than one dollar.
No Advertisement will be taken without a personal inspection by us of the copy.
Cents will only be taken by special arrangement.

ALONZO S. WEED,
Publishing Agent,
36 BROMFIELD ST., BOSTON.

BEYOND THE GRAVE.

BY REV. H. B. WARDWELL.

Beyond the grave immortal morn is shining,
Beyond its darkness and its silence deep;
No night shall be in heaven, no day declining,
And o'er the scene no storm-dark cloud shall sweep.

Beyond the grave, beyond death's sighing river,
In the supernal mansions grand and fair,
Celestial joys shall thrill the soul forever;
No blighted hopes, no broken hearts, are there.

Beyond the grave hope's fairest visions cluster,
While here we walk amid the earthly throng;
Our aches are healing with celestial lustre,
O'er that bright land of beauty and of song.

Beyond the grave, beyond death's mystic portal,
The hills of Paradise unclouded glow;
And life's pure river flows through vales immortal,
Nearer clearer light than starry splendours show.

Beyond the grave there is no weary waiting,
No heart-felt agony of sorrow's thrall;
No bitter tears the spirit's woe relating,
But life's full tide of glory sweeps o'er all.

Beyond the grave, in the bright land of morning,
The time-worn spirit shall forever rest;
Where seraphs sing and angel bands are thronging,
And souls redeemed from every clime are blest.

Beyond the grave our loved ones wait to meet us,
Just at the golden portal o'er the tide;
With their familiar smiles and words to greet us,
Once more to wander with us side by side.

Beyond the grave, while endless ages lengthen,
Where death comes not and beauty never dies,
The peace of God in every soul shall strengthen,
And join the immortal friendships of the skies.

ROMANISM AND EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY REV. D. DORCHESTER, D. D.

Accepting the necessity of popular culture, but discarding the American system of popular education under State provisions, and insisting upon combining the inculcation of her peculiar religious tenets with the secular instruction of her rising youth, the Roman Catholic Church in the United States, with her rapidly increasing population, has had an immense work on her hands, to adequately meet the educational needs of her people. Under- taking her appointed task, with few and feeble beginnings, and persistently prosecuting her work, the results are already assuming such proportions as cannot fail to interest and instruct all students of educational progress, however much they may disapprove her ecclesiastical educational policy. (Her institutions of learning have rapidly multiplied in number and variety, and matured in character. Colleges of various grades, some of high rank, theological seminaries, academies, select schools, gymnasia, and parochial schools, have rapidly come into existence, and the patronage of these schools by her people has been rigidly enforced—the logical sequence of her exclusive hierarchical assumptions, as even Protestants must acknowledge.

An exhibit of her educational work among us being a matter of common interest to large classes of the public, we have undertaken to set it forth impartially, and with sufficient exactness and detail, to give clear and definite views of the situation. It should be said, at the outset, that this exhibit will not fully meet our ideal, because of the incompleteness of the data at our command. And yet, we have at hand the best and only data that can, at the present time, be used, and no amount of labor has been spared.

Two sources of information are available, both apparently reliable, but not equally complete, exact, and discriminating—the Year Book of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States, published by D. and J. Sadlier & Co., in New York city, and the Report of Gen. Eaton, Commissioner of Education, at Washington, D. C. The former gives detailed statements of the dioceses, churches, clergy, educational institutions, religious orders and conventual houses, asylums, hospitals, etc., in almost infinite minutiae, but more or less incomplete, and unclassified, even the general table or summary omitting many desirable items which are scattered through the book, and which must be collected, one by one, and combined, in order to a satisfactory exhibit. The Report of the Commissioner of Education gives the educational statistics of Romanism, alphabetically arranged, in a large table with those of other sectarian and non-sectarian institutions, showing rare mastery of statistics, clear analysis, and impartiality,

but leaving much work to be done to prepare them for such an exhibit as is intended in this article. We have availed ourselves of both of these sources, carefully wading through the mass of materials, re-examining, checking, and verifying the items, that the results, so far as obtained, may be worthy of confidence.

I. We have the facts gathered from the Catholic Year Book, for 1879.

THE COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES.

We give the statistics of these institutions, without discriminating as to their character or rank, but accepting them with the titles given in the Year Book, presuming that some of them are only academies, or embryo colleges. Such has been the necessary beginning of many great institutions. Others may have little claim, even prospective, to such a designation; but it is impossible, with no fuller information, to discriminate between them. We give them, therefore, as we find them, arranging them by States and territories.

States.	Colleges.	Professors.	Students.
Alabama	7	12	328
California	7	54	2,081
Georgia	1	7	300
Illinois	4	20	450 (3)
Indiana	1	1	52
Iowa	1	7	—(1)
Kansas	3	19	140 (2)
Kentucky	2	19	217
Louisiana	4	42 (13)	130 (2)
Massachusetts	2	22	230
Maryland and D. C.	3	86 (3)	715 (2)
Michigan	1	6	—(1)
Minnesota	1	12	60
Missouri	3	14 (2)	877 (1)
Nebraska	1	7	139
New Jersey	3	22	246
New Mexico	3	20	300 (1)
New York	30	109 (1)	1,248
North Carolina	1	—(1)	—(1)
Ohio	4	18 (1)	380 (1)
Oregon	1	3	50
Pennsylvania	4	88	607
Texas	4	14 (3)	45 (3)
Tennessee	1	9	149
Wisconsin	4	22 (1)	340
Washington Territory	2	5	130
Total	78	741 (14)	9,845 (16)

In the above table, figures in parentheses will be noticed at the right of certain numbers. These indicate institutions not reporting either professors or students, fourteen of the seventy-eight not reporting their professors, and sixteen not reporting the number of their students. It should be also added that the data here gathered were not all obtained from the Year Book for 1879, some being supplied from the Year Books of previous years, and a few from Mr. J. O'Keefe Murray's History of the Catholic Church in the United States (pp. 480, 481), but wholly from Roman Catholic sources. Three-fourths of these institutions have been founded since 1850.

Of these seventy-eight colleges, twenty-five are Jesuit institutions; seven belong to the order of Franciscans; five to the Benedictines; eleven to the Christian Brothers; one to the Xaverian Brothers; one to the Capuchins; one to the Augustinians; three to the Congregation of Missions; and others all variously designated. (The twenty-five Jesuit colleges have 316 professors (one institution not reporting), and 3,893 students (seven not reporting).)

Of the seventy-eight colleges, it will be noticed that four contiguous States—New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Ohio—have twenty-two, with 208 professors, and 2,428 students (three institutions not reporting).

THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARIES

reported number twenty-three, of which three are in the diocese of Baltimore; three in that of Philadelphia; two in Cincinnati; two in New Orleans; two in St. Louis; two in Buffalo, etc. Eleven hundred and fifty-five "ecclesiastical students" are reported, of which New York furnishes 197; New Jersey, 66; Pennsylvania, 179; Ohio, 147. Total, in four States, 589, or about one-half of the whole number.

THE ACADEMIES AND SELECT SCHOOLS of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States have grown more rapidly than the colleges. The Year Book, in its general summary, gives the number as 677, but does not tabulate the pupils. Looking through the volumes, we find all these institutions mentioned by name, with the locality; but 264 of them do not mention the number of the pupils. The remaining 313 report 30,027 pupils. The State of New York reports eighty-seven of these schools, with 7,142 pupils, while the six New England States have only thirty, with 1,955 pupils. Pennsylvania has sixty-seven, New Jersey twenty-one, and Ohio twenty-four institutions of this class.

PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS.

But the most noticeable of all the educational institutions of Romanism in our country are the parochial, or parish, schools, under the direct control of the priests. They have grown up, with slight exceptions, within a period of about thirty years. In 1860, 660 schools of this class and 57,611 pupils were reported; in 1879, 1,214 schools and 257,600 pupils. The Year Book for 1879 gives 1,958 schools in the summary table, and the number of pupils scattered through the volume aggregate 416,844—showing a most astonishing

increase in this department. But these statistics, though large, are very incomplete, either as to the number of the parish schools, or the pupils. Some of the dioceses afford only very meagre returns of these schools, and some only refer to them in a summary manner. Under the diocese of Santa Fe, we read: "Most of the parishes have a parish school;" under Milwaukee: "There are parish schools attached to nearly all the Churches (260) of the arch-diocese," but only a small number are specified by name; under Vincennes: "Catholic schools are attached to every congregation, and almost every station (churches, chapels, and stations, 191) in the diocese;" under St. Paul (Minn.): we find an exceptional statement: "In most of the country missions, the population being entirely Catholic, no necessity exists for the establishment of special parochial schools." Eleven dioceses make no reports of their parish schools.

In many cases, the numbers given are evidently estimates; but in numerous others they are reported in exact detail, as in the diocese of Newark, and some others, where the name of each school, the number and religious order of the teachers, and the pupils are systematically given. If the full returns were furnished, the Catholic parochial schools would number not less than 2,500, and the pupils from 500,000 to 600,000. In four large States, these schools exist as follows:—

States.	Parish Schools.	Pupils.
New York	233	89,941
New Jersey	75	21,132
Pennsylvania	202	46,478
Ohio	278	43,394
Total in four States	778	200,773

These schools are under the instruction of the "Brothers of the Christian Schools" and various orders of Sisterhoods.

In the diocese of Newark the corps of instructors is as follows: Brothers of the Christian Schools, 12; Brothers of the Holy Cross, 4; Sisters of Charity, 144; Sisters of Mercy, 8; Sisters of St. Joseph, 6; Sisters of St. Benedict, 14; Sisters of Notre Dame, 12; Sisters of St. Dominic, 27; Franciscan Sisters, 24; and 59 "lay-teachers," total, 310 teachers, with 21,175 pupils, in the Catholic parochial schools in the State of New Jersey. We give this exhibit, without comments. It is full of instructive significance.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

Were the Calvinistic Baptists the Founders of Religious Liberty in Rhode Island?

BY REV. S. W. COGGESHALL, D. D.

FIRST PAPER.

NOT for the very simple reason that there were no Calvinistic Baptists in Rhode Island for more than one hundred and twenty years after the first charter granted to the colony, March 14, 1643, and one hundred and one years after the granting of the second charter by Charles II, in 1663, by which religious freedom in the colony was established and secured.

All the original Baptist Churches in Rhode Island were "Six Principle Baptists," founded upon the six principles stated in Heb. 6: 1, 2. In view of their priority in the State, they are sometimes called the "Old Baptists," to distinguish them from all others who have followed them, and which are in the following order: The Sabbatarian, or Seventh Day Baptists, 1672; the Calvinistic, or Close Communion Baptists, 1764; the Free Baptists; the Christian Baptists—five different denominations in all.

I have before me a work entitled, "A History of the General, or Six Principle Baptists in Europe and America, in Two Parts: Published under the patronage of the Rhode Island Yearly Meeting. By Richard Knight, Pastor of the Six Principle Baptist Church in Scituate, R. I. Providence: Smith and Parmenter, Printers, 1827. 8vo, pp. 367." Of this, now rare, work, I have seen but two copies, one of which is in my possession. The Second Part of this work, which contains the history of the Six Principle Baptists in this country, and with which we only have now to do, begins on page 234.

From this volume it appears that all the original Baptist Churches of Rhode Island, of ante-Revolutionary date, with the exception of Warren (1764), were of the Six Principle order. Providence was founded in 1639. Gov. Winthrop, in his History (vol. 1, pp. 352-3) says, "A sister of Mrs. Ann Hutchinson, the wife of Richard Scott, formerly of Boston, being infected with Anabaptism, going last year to live at Providence, Mr. Williams was taken (or rather emboldened) by her to make open profession thereof, and accordingly was rebaptized by one (Ezekiel) Hallman, a poor man, late of Salem. Then Mr. Williams rebaptized him and ten others." These others were William Arnold, William Harris, Stukely Westcott, John Green, Richard Waterman, Thomas James, Robert Cole, William Carpenter, Francis Weston, and Thomas

Olney. This must have been prior to March 16, 1639, at which time Winthrop makes this entry: "If it is necessary that the administrator of baptism by immersion shall himself have been immersed by some one, also himself immersed, and so on, then the Baptist Churches in Rhode Island are presently brought to a stand." The succession cannot be traced beyond Ezekiel Hallman and this date. The first Baptist Church, Newport, also dates from the same year, but it must have been after this, as Newport was not settled till May of this year, when Gov. Coddington, John Coggeshall, and seven others were the first settlers.

The Second Church in Newport was founded in 1656; the Church in Tiverton, in 1684. As this Church was then within the bounds of Plymouth colony, its early members were subject to imprisonment and various persecutions, until they appealed to the Privy Council in England, and obtained redress. From this Church have arisen the Baptist Churches at Stone Bridge, Tiverton, and at Fall River. It is now a Free Baptist Church, and in connection with the Rhode Island Quarterly Meeting. The Rev. James McKimzie was its late pastor. The date of the Smithfield Church was 1706; N. Kingston, 1710; S. Kingston, 1729; Richmond, 1723; Scituate, 1725; Warwick, 1730; Cumberland, 1732; Cranston, 1733; Second Church, 1764; Third Church, 1819; Swansey, 1693; Roboboth, 1732; Second Church, 1753; Third, North Roboboth, 1789. This is now an M. E. Church, in connection with the Providence Annual Conference. Rev. C. Stokes, pastor. The East Greenwich Church was founded in 1743. The old meeting-house of this church, now converted into a dwelling house, is yet standing in the southeastern part of the town, near the Providence and Stonington Railroad. An ancient cemetery is in front of it. Fulfilling Mill, Appamung, now a Free Baptist Church, dates back to 1744; Coventry, 1762; Johnston, 1771; Gloomester, 1749; Second Church, 1780; Foster, 1780.

The Baptist Churches in Groton (1705), Waterford (1726), and Thompson, Conn. (1750), and from among the Baptist Churches in eastern Connecticut are derived, were also originally Six Principle Baptist Churches, as also that of Cheshire, Mass. (1769.) Elder Peter Worden, from Warwick, R. I., was the first pastor of this Church. Another was also formed in Uxbridge, Mass., as late as 1826.

The first Calvinistic and Close Communion Baptist Church in Rhode Island was formed in Warren, Nov. 15, 1764, consisting of fifty-eight members—twenty men and thirty-eight women—thirty-five of whom were received from the Baptist Church in Swansey, Mass., of which Rev. John Miles, from Swansey, Wales, was the founder, in 1663. Rev. James Manning was the first pastor of this Church, as also the first president of Rhode Island College, which was here opened two years later, in 1766. The college graduated its first class, consisting of seven young men, in 1770. When it entered the field for bids for a final and permanent location, Providence, Newport, East Greenwich and Warren entered the lists. Newport raised \$4,000; Providence, though the smaller and poorer place, \$4,280, and took the prize. The corner-stone was laid by John Brown, May 14, 1770, "in presence of many friends of the institution." (See Arnold's History of Rhode Island, vol. 2, p. 302, and the Centennial Discourse on the One Hundredth Anniversary of the First Baptist Church, Warren, R. I., Nov. 15, 1864, by A. F. Spaulding, A. M., pastor of the Church, with an appendix, etc.)

One of these Six Principle Baptist Churches, as we have seen, has become a Methodist Church; two, at least, Free Baptist Churches, and others, like the First Baptist of Providence, and the First and Second of Newport, have become Calvinistic Baptist Churches, and Associated. But a few others yet exist, mostly in the western part of the State, which maintain a separate and independent organization, and glory in calling themselves "Old Baptists," the original founders of religious liberty in the United States. When stationed on the Centerville circuit, R. I., in 1836, I became personally acquainted with some of these people, and one of their ministers—a Mr. Manchester—once occupied my pulpit. They are Arminian and evangelical in doctrine, and practice "the laying on of hands," or confirmation, to which they attach much importance.

The government, under the first charter (that of 1643), was not formed until May 19-21, 1647, when the four towns of Newport, Portsmouth, Providence and Warwick united, and it was effected under the presidency of John Coggeshall. At the close of the wise and excellent code of laws adopted for the government of the infant colony at this time, it says: "These are the Laws that concern all men, and these are the Penalties for the transgression

thereof, which, by common consent, are Ratified and Established, throwout this whole colony; and otherwise than thus, what is herein forbidden, all men may walk, as their consciences persuade them, every one in the name of his God. And let the Saints of the Most High walk in this Colony, without Molestation, in the name of Jehovah, their God, for Ever and Ever." (R. I. Records, vol. 1, p. 190.)

Thus did this little community of exiles—first from their native country, England, and then mostly from intolerant and persecuting Massachusetts—boldly enunciate this great doctrine of soul liberty and the sanctity of conscience, and frame a government, with religious freedom as the corner-stone, and which is now one of the wealthiest, happiest, and most prosperous communities on earth. This doctrine was then hated, reviled, repudiated, and persecuted throughout the whole earth, except in this one little spot. The spirit of persecution raved and raged in other colonies and in other nations long after this.

In 1685, Louis XIV of France unblushingly revoked the edict of Nantes, which compelled 500,000 Protestants, the best men in the nation, and his most valuable subjects, to leave their native soil, and to take refuge in other lands. Persecution literally raged in England, Scotland and Ireland, till the Revolution of 1688, and the accession of William and Mary. Persons were fined, branded, whipped, imprisoned and hung, in Puritan Massachusetts, for years after this, until it was mostly brought to a close by the new charter of the fourth year of William and Mary, 1692, which also effected the union of the Plymouth and Massachusetts colonies. But the spirit of persecution lingered into my time. In Virginia men were fined and imprisoned for conscience sake up to the period of the Revolution. Now, religious liberty exists in almost all lands, except in despotic Russia; and in some countries, not willingly adopting it, it is enforced by outside pressure.

But the Old Baptists were not alone in this great work. The Quakers also largely assisted. The Quakers visited Rhode Island in 1656, at which time Massachusetts requested her to banish these people from their soil, but the request was promptly refused. Precisely when the first Friends' society was formed in Rhode Island we are not informed; but it was, at least, previous to 1660, for in February of that year Joshua Coggeshall, son of the president, was arrested in Plymouth as a Quaker, confined in jail, and his horse taken from him and sold for £12. He presently obtained his release, and got home as best he could. The most of his valuable landed estate, which he purchased in 1662, is still held by his descendants. The old homestead stands upon the town line, between Middletown and Portsmouth, and nearly opposite the house from which Col. Barton took Gen. Prescott on the night of July 9, 1777.

George Fox was in Newport in 1673, and held a meeting of several days' continuance, which was attended by Friends from all parts of New England, and which, I suppose, was the beginning of the Rhode Island Yearly Meeting.

Little Compton, July 10.

THE SOUTH INDIA MISSIONARY CONFERENCE.

BY REV. J. E. ROBINSON.

It was my great privilege to be present at the recently-held South India Missionary Conference. As a resident pastor of this station it fell to my lot to be one of the committee of arrangements, and to otherwise participate in what was, to me at least, an occasion of rare interest. American friends may appreciate a few notes from the pen of an on-looker.

The last South India Conference, which was also the first, was held at Ootacamund, in 1858. Of thirty-two missionaries present thereat only four attended the Conference of this year; twelve had gone to their reward; and the remainder, with one or two exceptions, had retired. At the recent Conference there were about 105 missionaries present, representing some thirteen societies. Six American societies were represented by twenty-nine workers, as follows: American Board, thirteen (three of whom were from Ceylon); Dutch Reformed, three; Baptist Missionary Union, three; Canadian Baptist, two; Evangelical Lutheran, three; Methodist Episcopal, five. Of European societies represented, the Church Missionary Society sent thirteen; London Missionary, nineteen; Established Church of Scotland, three; Free Church of Scotland, five; Basel Evangelical, two; and the Wesleyan Missionary Society, twenty-four. Forty-six papers were read before the Conference, covering the whole ground of missionary agency and operation; and thirty historical papers, previously prepared by designated missionaries of the various

societies and intended for incorporation in the official Report, were circulated, though not read. The only society which sent no representative was the Gospel Propagation Society, which, in these last days, seems to wax more and more intolerant and become increasingly exclusive.

Bishop Sargent, of the Church Missionary Society, presided at the opening session and remained throughout the week, being present at every session, and giving such helpful counsel and valuable information as none but a veteran missionary of forty-two years' successful experience could give. More than one Methodist brother remarked the strong resemblance between him and our own Bishop Harris; the palm of manly beauty, however, being awarded to the latter.

In the majority of instances hotel accommodation was provided for members of Conference at two rupees (one dollar) per day, while a few were entertained by resident missionaries. The total expenses of the Conference amounted to a little over three thousand rupees, and were fully met by subscriptions from the missionaries themselves and interested laymen. The official Report is now in the publisher's hands. It will comprise two octavo volumes, of about five hundred pages each, to cost, for both, not over five rupees, in England, Scotland and Ireland, till the Revolution of 1688, and the accession of William and Mary. Persons were fined, branded, whipped, imprisoned and hung, in Puritan Massachusetts, for years after this, until it was mostly brought to a close by the new charter of the fourth year of William and Mary, 1692, which also effected the union of the Plymouth and Massachusetts colonies. But the spirit of persecution lingered into my time. In Virginia men were fined and imprisoned for conscience sake up to the period of the Revolution. Now, religious liberty exists in almost all lands, except in despotic Russia; and in some countries, not willingly adopting it, it is enforced by outside pressure.

But the Old Baptists were not alone in this great work. The Quakers also largely assisted. The Quakers visited Rhode Island in 1656, at which time Massachusetts requested her to banish these people from their soil, but the request was promptly refused. Precisely when the first Friends' society was formed in Rhode Island we are not informed; but it was, at least, previous to 1660, for in February of that year Joshua Coggeshall, son of the president, was arrested in Plymouth as a Quaker, confined in jail, and his horse taken from him and sold for £12. He presently obtained his release, and got home as best he could. The most of his valuable landed estate, which he purchased in 1662, is still held by his descendants. The old homestead stands upon the town line, between Middletown and Portsmouth, and nearly opposite the house from which Col. Barton took Gen. Prescott on the night of July 9, 1777.

George Fox was in Newport in 1673, and held a meeting of several days' continuance, which was attended by Friends from all parts of New England, and which, I suppose, was the beginning of the Rhode Island Yearly Meeting.

Little Compton, July 10.

THE SOUTH INDIA MISSIONARY CONFERENCE.

BY REV. J. E. ROBINSON.

It was my great privilege to be present at the recently-held South India Missionary Conference. As a resident pastor of this station it fell to my lot to be one of the committee of arrangements, and to otherwise participate in what was, to me at least, an occasion of rare interest. American friends may appreciate a few notes from the pen of an on-looker.

The last South India Conference, which was also the first, was held at Ootacamund, in 1858. Of thirty-two missionaries present thereat only four attended the Conference of this year; twelve had gone to their reward; and the remainder, with one or two exceptions, had retired. At the recent Conference there were about 105 missionaries present, representing some thirteen societies. Six American societies were represented by twenty-nine workers, as follows: American Board, thirteen (three of whom were from Ceylon); Dutch Reformed, three; Baptist Missionary Union, three; Canadian Baptist, two; Evangelical Lutheran, three; Methodist Episcopal, five. Of European societies represented, the Church Missionary Society sent thirteen; London Missionary, nineteen; Established Church of Scotland, three; Free Church of Scotland, five; Basel Evangelical, two; and the Wesleyan Missionary Society, twenty-four. Forty-six papers were read before the Conference, covering the whole ground of missionary agency and operation; and thirty historical papers, previously prepared by designated missionaries of the various

designated missionaries of the various

Chester, who is doing grand work and receiving the hearty endorsement and support of the government; the London mission has Dr. Thompson; the Scotch Church has Dr. Elder; and the Church Mission has one or two. I do not know of any lady doctors in South India. There is a wide field and an open door for them.

Zennana work was also discussed at length. Valuable papers, prepared by ladies engaged in the work, were read before the Conference. Unqualified approval of this agency was accorded and recorded by the Conference. Undoubtedly there is a great future of usefulness before it in this land. What has already been achieved is sufficient to enkindle enthusiasm, and arouse the Christian women of Protestantism to redoubled effort in this special direction.

A missionary Conference would hardly be such if the subject of caste— that child of the bottomless pit—were not discussed. Perhaps no subject gave rise to so much divergence of opinion. As is well known, some societies and some missionaries tolerate it among their converts. It finds expression in many ways—by retention of the top-knot, and the sacred Brahminical thread; by the use of two communion cups—one for high, and the other for low, caste converts, etc. No one doubts the severe blows administered by the doughty opposers of caste caused a little commotion among caste-keepers and advocates. After many attempts at amendment, and much skrimishing and hair-splitting, a pretty strong anti-caste resolution was adopted.

The subject of the recent large accessions of Christianity in South India was one which received the most thorough consideration. All possible light was sought and obtained. As most of the results of the terrible famine in South India in 1877-78 has been the coming over to Christianity of large numbers of Hindus. About 50,000 converts, or rather new adherents, are reported by four or five societies. Of course it is not expected, or believed, that all these are truly converted to God, or that in all cases their motives have been pure. The movement has undoubtedly arisen from a feeling of dissatisfaction with their own religious system, the inadequacy of which was fully demonstrated during the famine, coupled with a conviction of the superiority of Christianity, which, by its munificent bounty and the self-denying labors of its missionaries, had impressed their hearts and won their confidence. The great majority of these new adherents are still under instruction. But in the Ootacamund field of the Baptist Telugu mission nearly 10,000 were baptized on profession of their faith and admitted to the Christian Church. Much interest was manifested by the Conference in reference to this unprecedented movement, which, if a genuine work of God, has no parallel in the history of the Church. That over nine thousand idolaters should renounce their idolatry within a few months, and be received into the Christian Church, is, indeed, if we may so term it, a phenomenal. It was to be regretted that Mr. Clough, who received and baptized them, was not present; but in his absence, Dr. Jewett, Mr. Downie and Mr. Timpany gave all the information in their power.

One fact in connection with this movement should be taken into consideration. For thirteen years that field has been most diligently cultivated. The Word has been preached, the Scriptures circulated, tracts distributed, and much prayer offered. When success comes, why should we marvel? My own conviction is, and I have had opportunity for frequent conversations with Baptist brethren of the Ongole mission, that the work is of God, and that there is every reason to believe that the great majority of these nine thousand converts will maintain their allegiance to their newly-adopted faith. God grant that it may be so, and that we may hear of many such movements along the whole line of missionary effort!

Bangalore, India, July, 1879.

Goethe had that strange penetration, which is half, but not the finer half of heaven, that looks into the soul of nature, and extracts joy and beauty; Shelley possessed it too; but neither grasped the moral import of the universe, or nurtured the growth of that faculty which reveals it. The most serious thing in life is to once discover, There is a God! After this, no closing of the eyes, no barring up of the heart, no denial in words of what conscience asserts, no sleeping of the mind in a Lethe of sin, no crying of the spirit, "I see Thee not," releases from accountability.—Northern Christian Advocate.

We must abhor ourselves for our sins, not from mere earthly principles, but for the manifold indignities they offer to God; to the law of His justice, the awe of His majesty, the honor of His reverence, the dread of His power, and the long-suffering of His love.—Bishop Andrews.

Miscellaneous.

MISSIONARY REPORT FOR 1878.

ASIA.

India, whose mythologies, similar to those of Greece and Rome, possess a far higher antiquity, bringing them near to a primitive revelation, whose language springs for a great part from a common origin with our own, and the mental traits of whose people put them abreast with the European mind in ascending the heights of mental and moral problems, presents by these and similar considerations a sphere of intense interest for our mission. But the fact that its population of possibly 300,000,000, a larger heathen empire than any except China, is subjected in probable perpetuity to the dominion of Christian England, offers the highest encouragement to systematic and persistent gospel effort.

The writer well remembers the earnest, moving address of Dr. Thoburn, when, on his departure from this country in 1859, he declared the consecration of his life to the "salvation of India." His own career has been one of great success, and the same large conception of the work and burning zeal have pervaded the mission. It was Dr. Thoburn who invited William Taylor to India. The latter arrived in Bombay in November, 1870; soon after opened his independent labors at Lucknow, and continued them subsequently with remarkable effect, in connection with his helpers, in Bombay, Madras, and the adjacent regions. From these fields the South India Conference was organized in 1876. Our original mission in India constitutes the North India Conference.

The territory occupied by this mission lies along the north bank of the Ganges, over the exceedingly level plain and up the slope of the Himalayas, being about 350 miles in length by 150 in breadth, and embracing the late kingdom of Oudh, the province of Rohilkhand, and the hill provinces of Gurwal and Kumaon. The population of this region has been estimated at 17,000,000, being mostly Rohillas and Rajpoots, superior in physical beauty to the inhabitants of the Deccan and in strength to the southern races. They are of warlike spirit, and have furnished the Sepoys of the British Army. Though the superstitions of caste oppress the inhabitants of the plain, the hill tribes, especially industrious and provident, are somewhat more free from its influence. With a soil pronounced the richest in India, much may be hoped from the energy of this people when elevated in morals and the arts of civilization by Christianity. The language of the region is substantially one—the Hindustani; the chief parts of the territory are already united by railroad; the climate is considered comparatively healthy for Europeans, and special sanitary resorts, such as Nynce Tal and Pauri, are easily accessible. Such is the peculiarly favorable character of our original field.

The celebrated Dr. Duff, on his visit to the country in 1854, pressed the claims of India upon the attention of our missionary authorities. In 1856, Dr. Butler was sent out to found the mission, in a portion of the country as yet unvisited by Christianity. Though warmly welcomed by other missionaries in India, the resident English officials represented to him the hopelessness of the undertaking. From the missionary conference at Benares he pushed on to Lucknow, the chief city of Oudh, to establish himself in the midst of its 300,000 heathen population; but circumstances forbade his opening the mission there, and he began his work at Bareilly, the capital of Rohilkhand. After the terror and dispersion occasioned by the mutiny, Lucknow was the first place occupied by the mission. Other centres were taken up in the following order: Moradabad, Bijnour, Shahjehanpore, Budon, Lucknow, Seetapore, Roy Bareilly, Gondab, Gurwal, Baraich, Cawnpore, Allahabad, Eastern Kumaon, and in 1875, Agra; the last mentioned station, with Allahabad, being now embraced in the South India Conference. In 1864, Dr. Butler, whose wise and efficient labors in founding and conducting this mission will be ever held in remembrance, retired from his position as superintendent, and the mission was organized as a regular Conference, on which fuller powers were conferred in 1868. Reinforcements have been sent out each year, but the chief dependence for an enlargement of the work has been upon the increasing number of native preachers who have rendered efficient service.

The results accomplished in twenty years are not, of course, to be measured altogether by the number of communicants. The native Hindoos of our field are pronounced "fairly accessible" to the truth. The few Mohammedans are bitterly opposed. The resident Europeans and Eurasians embraced in our membership were reported at 270 in 1875. The English work is nourished as a very important co-operative influence alongside the native Churches. Four-fifths of the native converts, here, as throughout India, are from the low castes and out-castes, as the Sweepers of Budon, the Sikhs and Chamars of Moradabad. About five-sixths of our native converts are in the Rohilkhand district, and the most of them in a limited circle formed by the stations of Moradabad, Amroha, Bijnour and Budon, where the spirit of caste is to some extent broken. Against this spirit, polygamy and the use of intoxicating beverages and drugs, our missionaries, and for the most part their converts, are firmly set.

We give special space to a mention of the methods and instruments employed in this mission. Beside the preaching in established churches and school-houses, the bazar or market, preaching has been much employed, but found less permanently effective than that of a more quiet nature in families. Formal discussions are found useful with the higher classes. Advantage is taken of the *metas*, or great religious fairs, several of which are held at accustomed places within our field, where many hundreds of thousands assemble; but the so-called religious pilgrims do not appear specially susceptible to the truth. It is interesting with a tent among the villages, to form, wherever possible, the nucleus of a society, seems, on the whole, the most efficient means of extending the work, while protracted meetings have become an important agency at the foot of the hills in the cold season. Revivals have been hitherto of limited extent.

The maintenance of schools for common education has been found increasingly necessary, and a network of them, chiefly of the lower grade, or purely vernacular, surrounds each station as a means of influencing the neighboring population. Less English is taught than formerly, the cost of teaching in the vernacular being less than one-fourth the expense of instruction in English. It is difficult, with our present resources, to compete in the matter of English teaching with the higher grade Government schools. Religious influence and instruction can be conveyed in a tolerably satisfactory manner through the native language. The Bible is used as a text-book, and the missionary has oversight and access to the pupils. Christian teachers are, of course, employed where they are procurable. The number of pupils reported in 1875 was, in the lower grade schools, 5,389, of which the boys were mostly Hindoos, 145 only being Christians; the girls mostly Mohammedans, 115 being Christians. In the Anglo-vernacular schools were 2,420 boys, mostly Hindoos, 219 being Christians and 319 girls, all Christians. The Government grants-in-aid have covered more than half the expense of our schools, and the private liberality of English officials and residents in addition has been most notable. The Government aid has, however, been of late much reduced, the missionary appropriations to the school diminished, and the schools suffer. Brother J. H. Messmore's appeal for special contributions in this direction deserves earnest attention. A fund of \$200 will perpetually support a male pupil in his school at Moradabad.

The Sunday-school work was but feeble up to 1860, but thenceforward showed increase, especially in 1872, with the addition of many hundred pupils annually since then. The policy of connecting a Sunday-school with each day school has been found a great success, and the pupils, though few are Christians, show an average attendance and interest equal to that in our own land.

[To be continued.]

CANADA LETTER.

Yesterday was Sunday. Reade says of the Sabbath: "The green oasis, the little grassy meadow in the wilderness, where, after the week-day's journey, the pilgrim halts for refreshment and repose." Such we found it in this our forest home. The day was ushered in by the matin song of the loons, whose clear notes were wafted to our ears from the lake's smooth surface. What a peculiarly plaintive and yet pleasing sound these graceful birds send forth! Indeed, they seem to serve no other purpose in the economy of nature but this of making music amid the deep silence of wood and lake. It is a music very suggestive of Sabbath-day solemnities, and yet not only that, for as we approached them in our daily tramps to their watery haunts, they seem to utter a friendly salutation, and when we stroll the lake in stillness, their notes are like a challenge to social conversation. I have often found myself wondering how much of meaning may be locked up in their unknown language. Perhaps yesterday they offered acceptable service unto God as they rode the wave and sang. Who is wise enough to tell? "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." So is he a fool who says there is no acknowledgment of God in the heart and voice of beast and bird. One who walks the woods must realize that Nature worships its Creator. Its very silence is to us surest evidence of deepest adoration, since it seems to be a "listening to the breathings of Deity." At any rate, I am very sure our hearts engaged in truest worship yesterday. Our temple was the leafy grove, our pulpit every rocky crag and mossy bank, and our preachers the multitudinous voices of the vocal forest and of the equally vocal silence. And yet I heard a real sermon, though he who uttered it was not a preacher. The speaker was "Honorie," our forest guide, and as I listened to his moralizing, I came to realize that philosophy abideth not only in the wise (as we count wisdom), nor in the great (as we count greatness). How often do we find in the lowly born and lowly bred an insight into God's plans, a comprehension of His truth, that puts to shame our fancied knowledge.

I am sure I described this forest lay preacher, our guide Honorie, in my letter last year. However that may be, I have only time to say he is the typical woodsman, strong, steady of nerve, patient and humorous. In addition, he is a philosopher, as I have already intimated. I wish you could have heard this simple fellow talk on life—its Giver, its end and meaning.

We had a vesper service, too, sitting beside our camp-fire, and looking out upon the glassy lake that glowed again under the light that flashed from our burning log of birch.

Speaking of our guide's philosophy, reminds me of a conversation I had with a "habitant." I met him upon the upper deck of our steamer *Trois Rivières*. He was from a back settlement far up on our usual route to the trouting region, and I found he knew our whole party. This fact seemed to open his heart, and he told me of his poverty and his struggles. I was astonished to find that he was utterly ignorant of the fact (so patent to the least experienced) that life has its compensations. To him wealth was the synonym of happiness, and when I told him I knew rich men whose days and nights were passed in discontent and wretchedness, it seemed a revelation to him. The bell rang for supper, and he turned his eyes upon me and said, "The rich at least may sup and dine." You should have seen his look of surprise when I told him there were rich people who had no stomach for their food, and that in all probability some of the passengers about us would give him their supper and pay his dinner for a month, if they could thus acquire his appetite and his healthy powers of digestion. We had a long chat, and at its end he thanked me for the talk, with the assurance that he would go home with the determination to be better satisfied with his lot in life.

But to return to our "Sunday in camp." We enjoyed not only its worship, but its rest as well. With hunting boots put off, with guns and rods laid by, we stretched out beneath the overhanging trees or before the genial fire, and rested as the tired alone can rest. Do you ask me, "Why so tired?" Shall I give you a complete account of what we have seen and done during the past week? Well, Mr. Editor, in consideration of your friendly interest and your reliance upon my word, I will tell my tale. First, however, let me say that the skeptical society of our time is so inclined to question the statements of a fisherman, that they are becoming very modest and reticent about their doings "in the bush."

"Parker Lodge" is situated on the head-waters of the "Yamachiche," a stream emptying into the St. Lawrence about midway between the Rivière du Loup and the St. Morris. Occupying this middle position, it is within easy reach of the numerous trout lakes that feed these three important rivers. The portion of Lower Canada back of a line running parallel to the St. Lawrence, and about thirty miles distant from that stream, seems to have been created to supply the world with lumber, the hunter with furs, and the angler with sport. All attempts to colonize the region beyond this line have resulted in failure both from the poverty of the soil, the roughness of the country, and the abundance of water, which may be useful for shipping and milling purposes, but is hardly profitable for cultivation. Indeed, the wide belt between the parallel line just mentioned and the Hudson's Bay territory, is literally dotted with lakes. From the Lodge we can visit twenty-five of these and return in time for supper; and often, within the limits of a single day, we catch fish in the waters that empty into the "Yamachiche" and the St. Morris.

Such a trip we made one day last week. "Lake Souris," one of the St. Morris chain, was our destination. It is distant from our camp about five miles in a straight line, but we decided upon a more circuitous route, in order to follow a chain of lakes, and thus shorten "the walk," and make most of our journey on our canoes. Mr. Parker used the whitewood Rob Roy canoe, which is as shapely and convenient as a bark, and as easily carried. The day was charming, every one in good spirits, and the scenery varied and picturesque. The tourist who confines himself to the usual line of travel along the St. Lawrence, gets no idea of the varied character of the scenery back in these woods of Canada. Every one of these trout lakes forms a picture with its clear water surrounded with hills that are covered to the very edge with the richest growth of pine and spruce and hemlock. I think there are no forests to surpass these groves of soft wood, varied as they are with the cleanly maple and spectre birch. Through such woods we walked, and over five such lakes we glided, on our journey to Souris, which we reached about noon. This body of water belongs (as already stated) to the St. Morris chain, and is about five miles long by three or four in width. It is dotted with beautiful islands and surrounded with as perfect a forest growth as I ever saw, while its waters abound in trout varying from one to twenty pounds in weight. We kept between these figures—our heaviest that day weighing six pounds, and our lightest one and a half. We caught a good supply, and yet not so many as one day a year, and when three of us took, in four hours' time, thirty-eight trout that weighed eighty pounds. Our return was made through another chain of lakes, and we reached the Lodge at 7:12 o'clock, having crossed ten lakes and walked eight miles.

By the by, sportsmen are beginning to appreciate this section. Mr. George Stevens, a wealthy gentleman of Montreal, has purchased a tract of land, and erected a house on the shore of "Clear Water Lake," one of the most beautiful sheets of water I have ever seen in any country. The house with its surrounding buildings is located on the western shore, and fronts the finest and most extensive view on the lake. Facing the door is an island, which for

shape and foliage is as pretty as a picture; while to the right, extends as beautiful a stretch of crystal water as lies beneath the sun. May he live long, and enjoy it much! It is refreshing to find occasionally rich men who have a rational taste in the matter of their recreation.

Bears abound this year. Mr. Parker paid his compliments to one the day before I reached the woods, and we have been "on his track" every day since. The woods are full of small game this season, though we have thus far obeyed the game laws, which protect the birds till Sept. 1. The fishing this year is not quite up to other seasons, and yet we have caught with fly and troll and hook enough to abundantly satisfy ten healthy stomachs. You have, of course, noticed the peculiarities of these freshwater lakes—that some abound exclusively in the small trout suitable for the pan, while others furnish the chaps that make the reel spin and the fly-pole bend. It is not unusual for us to take from one of the former sort of lakes fifty speckled beauties before our dinner.

The "festive" fly and musical mosquito have barely reminded us of their presence. The breezes of the lakes have saved us from the bites of the former during the day, while the chill of our August nights has benumbed the latter into stiffness and inactivity. I have been perfectly happy during the ten days just spent in the forest. Emerson says of the woods: "Within these plantations of God a decorum and sanctity reigns, a perennial festival is dressed, and the guest sees not how he should tire of these in a thousand years." And why should one weary of living in the forest? Here he sleeps upon earth's breast, cushioned with fragrant hemlock. Here he sees and hears only the pleasant sights and sounds of nature. Here he is away from men, and yet is not alone, for Wordsworth's "brotherhood of venerable trees" encompass him and furnish company. Let us often seek the woods and often breathe in its natural life! It will restrain the foolish boundings of ambition and allay the swellings of conceit. It will do us good in body, mind and soul.

Parker Lodge, Cazon Wilderness.

LETTER FROM BALTIMORE.

The Sunday law and its enforcement is the all-pervading and all-prevailing topic here for a few months, and it is giving pabulum to the press on a ponderous scale. Last May a number of saloon-keepers organized themselves into a so-called society of Law and Rights, and pretended to protect the Sabbath, and co-operate with the authorities in enforcing the laws. This looked as strange as it was startling to the religious community, as all the Law and Rights party were composed of Germans, and met on the Sabbath day with closed doors, and used the Fatherland dialect in all their deliberations. We all suspected their sincerity in this matter of Sabbath observance. Through their action and influence the Sunday laws of this State were more rigidly enforced than ever before. Only two weeks ago an excursion boat was arrested by the police authorities, as it was starting on a Sunday excursion, having a thousand Jews and Germans on board, and what makes it more remarkable, several of the Law and Rights party were among the number! This is not all; a week ago an excursion train of the Western Maryland Railroad was stopped by the police, as it was starting from the depot. Marshal Gray had notified the company that no excursion would be allowed to run, but the president of the road determined that the train should run; so the police force was summoned, and by authority of Marshal Gray, the engine was taken possession of, and amateurs, in the shape of police, acted as engineers. The train was bound for a Southern Methodist camp-meeting, a few miles beyond Emory Grove. Yesterday another steamer was arrested by the police before starting on a Sunday excursion, and the excitement is remarkable to-day.

These incidents have added fuel to the fire, and the result has been indignation meetings, litigations, crowded columns in newspapers, and a bitter controversy on the nature and obligations of the Sabbath. The tyranny of a Turkish Sultan, or despotism of a Russian Czar, has never been so strongly denounced as our American, and especially Maryland, Sabbath laws; and that, too, by late subjects of Poland, Prussia, Russia, and Turkey! The papers are reaping a rich harvest in connection with this discussion, in the shape of columns of paid advertisements of infidel utterances, some of which are written by clergymen of German Lutheran and Jewish Churches.

Rev. Wm. C. Webb, pastor of Meridian Street Church, Indianapolis, has been visiting this city for a few weeks, and preached at Mount Vernon Place, Grace Church, and Summerfield camp-meeting. Mr. Webb supplied the Mount Vernon Church pulpit after Rev. Thomas Guard closed his pastorate there, till Rev. Dr. J. O. Peck took charge, and he is very popular as a preacher here. He is an Englishman, and is a fine specimen of a sermonizer of an expository style.

The Methodists of Talbot County, Md., celebrated the centennial of Methodism in that region, at St. Michael's, two weeks ago. The Church in that place was started in 1779. Thousands were present at the centennial celebration, among whom were former pastors. Bishop Levi Scott, Revs. Geo. R. Briston of New Orleans, J. H. Lightbourne (D. C.), Ridgway, and several other clergymen were present.

Bishop Scott made the opening address. He referred to St. Michael's as his first charge, in 1826, when he was a young man, and the wonderful progress Methodism has made since that time. Rev. Geo. R. Briston, pastor of Ames Church, New Orleans, delivered an oration, and then, after the usual Methodist style, a collection was taken up, amounting to nearly \$2,000, to pay all indebtedness on church and parsonage. The Methodist Episcopal Church predominates over all the "Eastern Shore" of Maryland, and many of Baltimore's leading merchants and politicians were born there, as well as distinguished ministers of our Church, such as Dr. Hurst, of Drew Seminary, Dr. Dashiell and many others.

Camp-meetings are coming to a close here. There seems to be little or no interest or enthusiasm manifested towards them this year. The attendance is small and conversions very few. Preachers are not attending them as in former years, and the reaction is great. All this can be easily accounted for by those who witnessed their abuses in recent years.

LEX.

A PLEA FOR CAMP-MEETINGS.

Accepting the cordial invitation of a brother Methodist to visit the camp-meeting at Sterling Junction last week, and thinking I might get good thereby, Monday noon found me in the train speeding away for that charming spot where for nearly thirty years this active and zealous denomination have—I was about to say—"pitched their tents" annually for a week's work for the Master. This being my first visit for ten years, I was greatly surprised as I reached the grounds, to witness the growth of the place from a small village with beautiful avenues running through it, bearing such stately names as: Chestnut, Laurel, Myrtle, Oak, Elm and Central Park. On either side beautiful cottages lined the narrow thoroughfare, and before the doors, in nearly every instance, were seen flowers, both natural and wild, adorning the ground. As I took an early morning stroll through these various avenues, and the sounds of praise and prayer, I was so sweetly from three hundred happy homes, what a delightful spot it seemed, to seek and receive God's blessing! And these words of Jacob when he awoke out of his sleep and said, "Surely the Lord is in this place," adding, "This is the gate of heaven," came with increasing force to my rejoicing heart. And then, the scene gone by, and the scenes which this grove has witnessed—hundreds coming here to scoff, but remaining to pray! Where, indeed, can there be a more solemn scene in our land, can there be a more earnest prayer from sincere hearts here assembled to the Throne, than from Sterling? And the past week has witnessed an increasing interest in the various services, especially in the devout attention manifested at the devotional exercises held morn and evening in the tent and cottages, where prayers of thankfulness, mingled with patience, were offered for past mercies, and for the coming year's fidelity to God. We speak particularly of the feelings which pervaded the hearts of the tent company who worshipped under the protecting roof of the new building erected by the Methodist Society of Waltham, during the past season—a happy family, indeed! A glance back only one year, to the old tent, good then, but eclipsed now by the new and commodious house which stands a monument to God's goodness! During the week of the meeting, within its friendly enclosure, on a stormy morning, a good brother said, "Who knew but God put it into the hearts of some devoted souls to labor for the completion of this needed building, with the foreknowledge which He possesses that we were to have a few days of stormy weather?" Certainly the accommodations were far in advance of the past, and we know that the future will disclose that wisdom which made the erection of the building a necessity.

Our heading reads, "Plea for Camp-meetings!" Why this plea? Because all are not agreed as touching their necessity. I said "all;" I should have said, "all Methodists." My plea comes from a Baptist's standpoint! Look at Martha's Vineyard in violation! Who put it into the hearts of the Methodists? Not the love of recreation merely; no love for souls, and zeal for the Master—these were the actual motives for such a meeting. We speak, brethren, of the love of the Baptist denomination—although we were later in the field than our equally zealous brethren.

But why this plea? Because the good accomplished far outweighs the objections which are, or can be, urged against camp-meetings as now conducted. I must candidly say that heretofore I have been strongly prejudiced against these meetings. But as Paul said on one occasion, the language of one heart to day is, "I was that through ignorance ye did it." Candidly, brethren, it was through ignorance of the manner in which these meetings are conducted which led me to condemn them. But my eyes have been opened, and my ears have been opened to the truth, and I am now a convert to the cause of the camp-meeting.

Let me say, before closing, that the best of order prevailed, there was no disorderly conduct, no immorality, no dissipation, no gambling, but a most refreshing and a most profitable presence of the Holy Spirit throughout the hours of the entire week's service. Go where you may where crowds gather, and some will be rough, or boisterous. These are outsiders. In the inner tents, the quietude and modesty of home life were the prevailing elements. Long live Hamilton, Sterling, Martha's Vineyard and other tested grounds where God's Spirit is the all-pervading presence!

W. W. W.

LETTER FROM MINNESOTA.

Our State camp-meeting, which was held at Red Rock in July, was not largely attended, but the services were excellent in spirit and results. The grounds were donated by an aged Methodist, Father H. and his wife, and the delightful, easy access by railroad and steamboat, and the Association propose to hold them.

The Sabbath question is troubling the West. Some object to "open gates" at our camp-meetings, while others advocate their being opened wide. Our summer Sabbaths are scenes of revelry and dissipation. Railroad trains, steamers, boats and carriages are largely patronized. Some of our ministers are speaking out with no uncertain sound, but we are obliged to conform to the secular press, the infidel and foreign classes, and numbers of cold-hearted Church members who decline against Partisan passions, and throw the banner of "eat, drink, and be merry" to the breeze. As American citizens we are too prone to copy after our European neighbors, especially the Romanists.

Our Northwest Sunday-school Assembly at Lake Park on Lake Minnetonka, which has just closed, has been a great success, in point of enthusiasm, ability, and attendance. Some of the first lecturers on the continent have been here, and their names and sentences linger as "precious oliments poured forth." We were favored by the presence of the noblest son of one of New England's great families—Dr. L. T. Townsend, of your city—who gave his lecture on "The Bible and the Republic," which made no little stir among a few Southern people who were present. The Doctor acquitted himself nobly in all he said, and was loudly applauded.

Prof. Winchell, of Michigan University, gave us strong meat on "Kosmos and Geology;" and on "Science, the Ally of Religion," gave his theory on man pre-historic. Hon. W. R. Wendling, of St. Louis, gave his logical, straight-forward, unanswerable lecture against Ingersoll from a secular standpoint. We could refer to Prof. Richards, of Chicago, with his entertainingly scientific lectures, and others, but space will not permit. Suffice it to say, this opening Assembly was a feast intellectually and morally. One fact I must not forget to mention: The gates were closed Saturday night, and no boats or teams were allowed to strike the grounds on the Sabbath.

Our city, Minneapolis, has recently had a short, flying visit from that indefatigable chief minister, Bishop J. T. Peck. He spent one Sabbath here; attended camp-meeting at 9:12 o'clock in the morning; preached in Centenary M. E. Church at 10:30; addressed the Washington Avenue Sunday-school at 1 P. M.; the Centenary Sunday-school at 2:30 P. M.; and preached again at Seventh St. M. E. Church in the evening. If new from the Lord's cause constitutes a necessary qualification for a bishop, Bishop Peck is "desiring the office of a Bishop," was in the Apostolic succession.

Rev. Bro. Raymond, of Providence, R. I., has been in our midst, supplying the First M. E. Church for a few weeks. He was golden opinions of his abilities while among us, and left lasting impressions upon the hearts of his hearers. Any Church must march to success with Brother Raymond as leader—so says a Western man.

QUILL.

Our Book Table.

Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati, have issued, in handsome type, and neatly published, a HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH, FROM ITS ORIGIN TO THE PRESENT TIME, by W. M. Blackburn, D. D., Professor of Church History in the Presbyterian Seminary at Chicago. It makes an octavo of 719 pages, and has a good index. Of course it is severely condensed to bring the history of nearly two thousand years within such a compass. It is quite full in its account of the modern Protestant Churches, and in its summaries of the great charities of the last and present centuries. We have only found time to examine the work in a few points that might, in some sense, be esteemed crucial, and have been impressed with the fairness and ability of the author. We know of no writer that covers so much breadth of ecclesiastical history in one portable volume. To a young student in the history of the Christian Church, to Sunday-school teachers, and for family reading, we could hardly recommend a work better adapted to give a general impression of the fortunes of Christianity, from the ministry of our Lord to the present time, than this work.

From D. Lothrop & Co., in their ornamental Idle Hour series, we have TWO GIRLS TRIED FARMING. The writer is said to be Ella Parman, editor of the *Wide Awake*. It is the story of an actual experience, glorified by a lively imagination. Many a girl will laugh over it. Some one or more may wish to go and do likewise.

MAGAZINE NOTICES.

Lippincott's for September opens with the second and concluding paper on "Catskill and the Catskill Region," with several very fine illustrations. Although the so-called vacation season is over, yet the most beautiful season for visiting mountains and forest scenery is to come, and no locality will better repay a prolonged visit than the romantic region of the Catskill. With Mr. Dietrich Kakekerbocker as companion and guide, and Lippincott's as interpreter, one would be fully equipped for the exploration of this lovely spot, beautiful for its waterfalls, rugged with its rough mountain passes, and health-giving with its pure, bracing air, and last, but not least, near at hand, and enjoyable with but little expense.

You wish to go far from home? The very next paper directs you to the Backwoods of Mexico and Central America, the Lake Region of Jalisco. Felix L. Oswald, in a half descriptive, half humorous narrative, describes his visit to this oldest of the settled countries of America, around which hangs the glamour of a defunct civilization, and which sooner or later the fall of the empire of the Aztecs will open up to us as an inter-oceanic canal will open up to us a new world of commerce and seekers. Marriott Payne, in a few interesting pages, gives some curious information of marriage and betrothal customs, showing "Woman's Position in Germany," "His New Birth" is the misleading title of a bookwoods story in imitation of Bret Harte. "Frowville" is the sketch of a French water-lace, illustrated by a Frenchman, L. Lejeune, and it is a chatty and descriptive account of one of the most beautiful French water-lace places. John Austin Stevens contributes a fine biographical sketch of "De Launay, De Fersen and Marie Antoinette." It is a repetition of the old story of the handsome young Swede, the queen's friendship for him and his perversion by his political enemies, and his faithful efforts, all in vain, to save her from her tragic fate. "My Husband's Robbery" is a capital hit on the follies of some of the male sex in having "hobbies" for collecting bric-a-brac, books, etc. Now our own hobby is book-collecting, and we know just how to sympathize with persecuted bobby-readers. The paper is a good one. "An Ascent of the Matterhorn," like all well-written papers on the Alps, is full of interest; and doubly so, just now, in view of the recent loss of life in the attempt. The risks of mountain climbing, its attractions and its dangers, are here well set forth. "Notes on the Intelligence of Birds" is full of information, and shows careful and close observation on the part of its writer. "Mr. Carmichael's Conversion" is a story that had better never been published. We should be sorry to believe that the editor of Lippincott's had to court popular favor by publishing papers that had for their point the ridicule of religion. This is such an one, and we are sorry to see the pages of this number defiled by it. "A Grand Council at Okmulgee" is a contribution to the vexed Indian question. The poem of the number is Kate Hillard's "The Grasshoppers."

"Our Monthly Gospel" has an interesting chat on Tourguenev, the great Russian author, and another on "Woman Suffrage in Wyoming Territory."

Appleton's Journal for September opens with part first of a new story by Mr. Edwards. The scene is in Germany; the heroine Vivian, a young English girl, fresh and captivating, an eccentric and well-drawn Scotch female guardian, and a German tutor, are the characters introduced. The story comes fresh and lively and full of promise. Of the general papers, Karl Blind's second article on "Russian Conspiracies" takes the lead. A third will be needed to complete the weird record of oppression, insurrection, murder, crime and intrigue. Since the death of her Christian emperor, Alexander, the peace-maker, and lover of his people's welfare, Russia has become the seat of a reign of terror, which it is not too much to say, has burst into indescribable and destructive commotion. John Estlin Cooke describes an interview with the great English novelist, Thackeray, in "An Hour with Thackeray" at Richmond. From the just-published "Souvenirs of Madame Vigée Le Brun" is taken a gossip, semi-historic, semi-biographic paper full of interest. Charlotte Adams describes, in glowing tints, the picture and strange aspects of a night in Venice. In "The Critic on the Heights" James Paup gives an amusing and satirical account of the absurd criticisms and ridiculous propositions with which certain would-be-critics persecute popular writers. "A Novelist of the Day" is the title of a paper on Anthony Trollope. In "French and English Pictures" the latter suffer no loss by comparison with their rivals across the channel. "The Sunny Side" is continued; and "How to Popularize Wordsworth" is an answer to Matthew Arnold's paper that appeared last month. In its new form *Appleton's Journal* is a welcome visitor, and all of its papers deserve careful perusal.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for September opens with one of the most crushing and ironical statements that has been published on modern Spiritualism. It is a translation of an open letter from Prof. W. Landt, of Leipzig, to Prof. Ulrich, of Halle, on the doings of Slade, the medium, in Germany, under whose influence Ulrich had become a believer. The argument is close and powerful, and deserves wide reading. Dr. Oswald writes a brilliant paper on "Serpent Charming," dispelling a popular illusion. Every reader will be interested in reading of the "Development of the House-fly," though they might at first be more interested in an article that would teach how to get rid of them. Sir Henry Thompson's essay on "Food and Feeding" is concluded by a very interesting discussion of winning and dining, from a dietetic point of view. In a "Remarkable Coincidence" Dr. Geo. M. Beard shows the delusions of clairvoyance, mind-reading, animal magnetism, and spiritualism. Prof. Bain discusses, from the scientific standpoint, "The Classical Controversy," making a strong argument for the scientific side. "The Birth, Life and Death of a Storm" will interest many readers. Mr. E. V. Blake opens a very important subject in his article on "Spontaneous and Imitative Crime," a paper our publicists should carefully consider. Dr. Masdud shows how much progress has been made in recent years in the study of the body in connection with the mind. The portrait and biographical sketch are of Prof. Geo. F. Barker, President of the American Scientific Association. Other papers of great interest and valuable matter in the miscellany are not named in detail for lack of space. No magazine sustains its excellent reputation any better, and few so well, as the *Popular Science Monthly*.

St. Nicholas greets its readers returning from vacations spent at the seaside and in the country, with a full supply of amusing stories, pictures and interesting articles. There is a large frontispiece by Adèle Ledyard; accounts of Louis Napoleon, with a portrait from a recent photograph. Eight short stories, full of variety, fun, and excitement, and all handsomely illustrated, vie with each other in interest and attraction. "The Chateau D'Oiron" is the title of an illustrated article on the history of the rare and beautiful pottery called "Falcone D'Oiron." "On Wheels" gives a curious account of wheeled carriages of all sorts and times. The serials deepen in interest as they reach their close. "The Frolicsome Fly" is a queer and interesting history, with two illustrations. The poems are very sweet and pretty.

Wide Awake for September is claimed to be one of the handsomest numbers yet issued, and with the exception of the illustrations is "unexcelled" in the claim which it holds. The frontispiece is well drawn and engraved, and full of suggestiveness, as is to be expected in all of Miss Humphrey's work. Mrs. Bates has one of the best of her series of illustrations by J. E. Francis. Mr. Benjamin writes of Samuel Colman, and the three illustrations to his paper are very fine. "Children at Newport," by Margery Deane, is lively and entertaining, and fittingly adorned by Miss Humphrey's pencil. "Tri-S Poppy," "Fright of the Bobwhite," "Don Quixote, Jr.," and several other papers and poems, are of the best order of merit, and lead one to wonder why "Unbrilliant" with its wretched pictures and poor English, should have passed the critical eye of the editor. We quote one sentence: "If, when you buy an umbrella that has the stick bent into a deep curve at the bottom for the handle, you may feel quite sure that it is of portridge wood, which does not grow large enough to furnish a knob for a handle, but, when steamed, admits of being bent." If—what?

Babyland is very bright and attractive with the pre-lit pictures and handsome make-up we have yet seen in any number.

The *Nursery* for September surpasses itself in interest and variety, opening with a beautiful frontispiece "On the Sea Beach," illustrating a story of the great tornado of July 1856. "Charles and the Goose," "Sights on the Farm," "Dr. Drexel and Mrs. Pansy" will please the little readers. The poetry of the number is its great feature. "City Children in the Country," "The Land of Nod" (especially good), "Nellie and her Pet," "Hattie and the Bessie," and "Going a-berrying" with its beautiful illustration, will be heard in many a household, and repeated as memorials of vacation experience; and happy little voices will sing "Down on the Sandy Beach" in merry glee. We believe it is the best number issued this year.

Little's Living Age can't seem to give the cream of the foreign publications to its many readers. The last two numbers contain among other interesting items "The Worthless of Norwich" and "The Hatten Papers," from the *Edinburgh Review*; "Saint Evremont" and "Cardinal Newman," from the *Fortnightly*; "Influence of the Mind on the Body," from *Cornhill*; and "President Hayes' Education," from the *International Portrait Gallery*.

The *Century* has made a place for itself by its very choice selection of articles from the foreign press, its handsome typography and reasonable price. We heartily wish it the success it deserves.

CONTENTS.

Original Articles.	PAGE
Beyond the Grave (poem).—Romanism and Education in the United States.—Religious Liberty.—The South India Missionary Conference.	293
Miscellaneous.	
Missionary Report for 1878. CORRESPONDENCE. Canada Letter.—Letter from Baltimore.—A Plea for Camp-meetings.—Letter from Minnesota. OUR BOOK TABLE.	294
The Sunday-school.	
EDUCATIONAL. Boston Market.—Advertisements.	295
Editorial.	
What is Wanting?—The Work of the Preacher. EDITORIAL ITEMS.	296
Editorial Items.	
NOTES FROM THE CHURCHES. CAMP-MEETINGS. Business Notices.—Church Register.—Advertisements.	297
The Family.	
In the After-noon (poem).—Round Lake in Autumn.—My Bouquet.—Is the Valley Empty.—An Incident. THE LITTLE FOLK. I Don't Want To.—The Burning Bush (poem). MISCELLANY. Pleading for Refuge (poem). FOR YOUNG AND OLD. RELIGIOUS ITEMS.	298
Outbursts.	
THE FARM AND GARDEN. Plymouth Brethren. TEMPERANCE. Advertisements.	299
The Week.	
Williamite and Northport Camp-meetings.—Church News.—Reading Notices.—Advertisements.	300

ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1879.

There is no conflict between science and religion; it is only between certain scientists and a distorted view of Revelation. Science and true religion are one and inseparable, born of the same Omnipotence and equally leading the humble student back to the same fountain-head of knowledge and virtue. At Saratoga, last week, on the Sabbath occasion during the session of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, a number of the members arranged a meeting for conference and prayer. A very delightful and profitable occasion it proved to be. Prof. Wilson, of Toronto, who has written upon pre-historic man, presided at the service and earnestly affirmed that truth in religion was necessarily harmonious with all truth in science. He made Paul's inspired chapter upon the resurrection the subject of the meditation of the hour, as the great central truth of the Gospel, and impressively discoursed upon Christ and the resurrection from the dead. A committee was appointed to arrange such a religious service for the meeting of the Association next year. Thus, as ever, Christ conquers.

"I have made a great discovery," said a warm-hearted, eloquent and well-known minister in the office, the other day, his face flushed, and his eyes filled with tears. His voice trembled as he repeated it: "I have made a great discovery, at this age of my life and of my Christian experience. I have discovered the secret of perfect peace!" If he had fallen heir to a fortune he could not have manifested greater earnestness, or given a livelier exhibition of delight. He had always had, as he thought, a clear idea of faith, and had exercised it. But led by severe, although gracious, providences, he had been enabled to place himself utterly upon the divine hand and promise. He had not only accepted Christ as his personal Saviour, but had received Him as an abiding guest in his heart; and the result had been perfect peace. In the whirl of life he had been enabled to say, "None of these things move me." This is just what the Master promises to them that really come to Him and reach Him—"I will give you rest." It is just what we need, worried, burden-bearing men most need. "My Presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." What a discovery! Perfect peace! It was worth all the discipline of sorrow and the struggle of prayer to finally have it break, as a heavenly revelation, upon the hungering and thirsting heart. And this peace is the spiritual birth-right of every disciple.

At the laying of the corner-stone of Mr. Moody's new school in western Massachusetts, Mr. Durant, the founder of Wellesley, remarking upon the sneer, at the late Commencement of Smith's College, at the enforced religious services of Wellesley and the pronounced evangelical influences which pervade its halls and its course of instruction, on the part of President Eliot, observed quietly that it would be well for the students if President Eliot could introduce a little religion into Harvard. We wonder how Christian parents dare trust their sons to the moral influences of the University at Cambridge under its present regime. If they live near enough to have them at home over the Sabbath, they may be able to secure an adequate antidote. With the drinking habits now openly prevalent there; with the custom among the students of frequenting Boston night-club, so that Parker's have been called an outlying branch of Harvard; with frequent attendance upon the most vulgar theatrical performances; with the social worldliness, and the liberalistic tendency of thought, philosophical and theological, a young man of any sensibility, with unformed habits and principles, stands an excellent chance of moral ruin when submitted to such a test as is now offered at this ancient and time-honored school. Once it was consecrated to Christ and His Church, but now, significantly enough, its learning is thoroughly "secularized." With all the first-class religious colleges now flourishing in the land, no Christian parent has an excuse for submitting a son to such a strain upon his untutored moral powers. It is terrible to know how many young men have laid, within the shadow of this great University, the foundation of habits which have proved their ruin, and brought irretrievable sorrow upon their homes.

The accomplished Matthew Arnold, the sharp critic of evangelical Christians for their lack of sweetness and light, the consummate flower of naturalism in the nineteenth century, the believer in the unknown force, not ourselves, working for righteousness, goes into extravagant appreciation of the unchaste Sara Bernhard, who is turning, on the stage, the heads of the English nobility and commonalty, by her dramatic powers. She audaciously browbeats the proverbial delicacy of the English higher society, by introducing into the circles that open to her on account of her marvelous gifts, her son, a handsome youth, who has no acknowledged father. And she shrinks not from being known as the unmarried mother of three other children. Yet Arnold, son of the great Doctor of Rugby, says she "has temperament and quick intelligence, passion, nervous mobility, grace, smiles, voice, charm, poetry." But something is lacking, he thinks. Of course there is. But what is it? Arnold says, "That something is high, intellectual power!" Oh, no! that is not the "missing link." It is purity. There can be none of the highest form of art where this is wanting. It was the crowning charm of Jenny Lind. Its absence makes the unvirtuous French woman's acting "like sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal."

"I was sorry enough," said a good lady to her pastor, a few days since, "that you were sent to us. You were not my choice, by any means." "Why were you so much opposed to my coming?" "Because I heard that you had said, in a 'higher life' meeting, that you had not sinned for ten years. I was sure, if you had said that, you were no minister for us, poor sinners." "Well, how do you feel now about it?" "He asked her with a smile. "Oh, I can't bear now to think of your going away in three years." It was not that she had found in him a sinner instead of a saint that she had become so well reconciled to his ministry; but she had discovered him to be a sensible, honest, helpful minister of grace, a human man, after all, not saved from the weaknesses and temptations of the race; but a sincere, earnest disciple of the Lord Jesus, triumphing over the assaults of the world, the flesh, and the devil through constant reliance upon the living Presence who walked with him and succored him. There is a wonderful difference between affirming that one lives without sin, and the humble experience which prayerfully breathes forth the trusting word: "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even your faith."

Rev. B. F. De Costa, in *The Churchman* of Sept. 6, is greatly exercised in mind over the middle into which Episcopal Methodists have fallen. There is something, in his estimation, "exceedingly puzzling to the student of history" in the genesis of their Church order. They are so "earnest and courageous," however, in asserting their Episcopal legitimacy, as to entitle them "to a Churchman's sympathy and respect," he affirms. He is so profoundly moved to profess his aid that he is inclined to give first significance to the story of Mr. Wesley's ordination by Erasmus, or some other legitimate Bishop. Now all this labor worse than lost. Not one Methodist minister in a thousand would give a button to know certainly that Mr. Wesley had a legitimate Episcopal ordination as a Bishop, or would account his own ordination to the ministry appreciated in the slightest measure by the knowledge of such an act. They have not the slightest doubt of the apostolic character of the Episcopacy of Francis Asbury and his successors, and are better assured of the Divine approbation upon the providentially-established Church order by the marvelous spiritual signs that attended their ministry and that of their successors, than if they had publicly received the laying on of the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Pope Leo has made a discovery, and has announced it in an extended encyclical letter. The occasion of the vicious tendencies of the age, after long meditation, he finds to be in its philosophy. From this spring all the evils now greatly afflicting Christendom. What is needed is not a new crusade—certainly not in his estimation a reformation; but a return to the teaching, in all schools, especially Catholic, of the philosophy of Thomas Aquinas! This once restored, and the world will be beguiled by its light and sweetness back into the paths of virtue and truth. There is a great improvement in the spirit and in the subjects treated in this last apostolic letter, over the memorable and militant bulls, let loose by his predecessors among the recalcitrant and impudent Protestant sons of the Church. The new pope is more sensitive to the atmosphere of the nineteenth century.

WHAT IS WANTING?

There are many devoted pastors who are anxiously studying the question of evangelical success. They sincerely desire to follow the divine order and use the wisest measures to secure the highest spiritual interests of their flocks and the ingathering of the masses around them to the fold of the Church. They accept the assurance of Inspiration that success in this work is of God; that it is not by might, nor by power, but by His Spirit. They believe that efficient weapons in this work are not carnal but spiritual; that God hears prayer and is infinitely interested in the endeavors of His children to save their fellow-men.

Still the results they greatly desire are not, to outward appearances, reached. They see that much apparent success attends certain modes of Christian labor outside of the ordinary church services. Certain men, not specially remarkable for their self-denying piety, or preparation for the work, seem to

have a peculiar power of attracting the people to their services; of moving them to immediate action when they are present, and of securing their formal connection with the Church. The success of their endeavors seems not so much due to their profound apprehension of divine things, their intelligent understanding of the plan of salvation, their persuasive eloquence, as to their happy and persistent use of certain measures in prosecuting their work. Is the Holy Spirit, then, limited to these forms? Is God better pleased to bless these irregular ministries than to give a divine efficiency to His regular constituted service of worship and Christian work; to the men whom He has called for their life business into His ministry, and led through a protracted and careful preparation for the solemn office to which He has appointed them? We do not now intend, in any measure, to question the genuineness and breadth of the work of these special laborers in the Master's vineyard. We do not propose to suggest that the waste attending these popular and peculiar services is always large; that the Churches where they occur are often left in a barren and inactive condition after the extraordinary agencies are removed; that the permanent services of the Church seem to lose their attractiveness and power; and that the revival period is often followed by a period of painful reaction. Our object is a very different one. It is to propose a new solution of the original question: How can the pastor best secure a true and thorough reformation in his Church and the surrounding community?

A young Methodist preacher was filling the second term of his ministry. It was in a large town. His congregation was large, although his Church was not strong in numbers, in wealth, or social influence. He was deeply solicitous to secure a revival of religion and an awakening among the unconverted. The congregations were apparently impressed; the social meetings were crowded and lively; but there was no breaking away among the unconverted. What could be done? He naturally looked around him, as a young man, to secure the aid of some experienced evangelist. The work seemed to have reached the altitude of his ability. Another instrument seemed to be required to bring it to its consummation. His ardent desires for such a spiritual condition reached a point approaching agony at the close of a memorable Sabbath's labors. He was that night the sole occupant of his home, and instead of retiring, he devoted the hours to prayer. If he had really been called into the ministry, why he was not complete in himself, with the divine aid, to secure all the blessed influences of the Gospel among his people? If he was a true preacher, why should not conversions follow his labors? Why could not the Master make him efficient as well as an itinerant evangelist? Why must he call in another laborer before the work grew upon his hands? What was there in these men, their endowments, their spirit, their modes, that better commended them to the heavenly benediction than his own services? These questions running through his mind brought him to his knees and drew from him a more entire surrender of himself and consecration to God and to His work. In the remarkable spiritual processes through which he passed in that memorable night, as he yielded himself to the searching influences of the Holy Spirit, he, for the moment, forgot his Church and everybody besides, and wrestled, a lone man, as did Jacob before him, during the swiftly gliding hours, with the almost consciously felt presence of the Angel of the Covenant. Upon his knees he wrote a new covenant, inspired of the Divine Spirit, and rested with all his panting heart upon the full breadth of the divine promises. Sorrow opened the early hours of this memorable evening, but joy came in the morning; or rather peace passing all understanding and an abiding and restful repose upon the divine Word and Hand. Something better than a human evangelist had come. The Master himself was fulfilling His promise: "And lo! I am with you." The needed reinforcement of moral power was received directly from heaven, and the spiritual results that were so much desired began to appear.

This is the best resource in the hour when heavenly refreshment seems indispensable. When the pastor anew sanctifies himself for his service, the Lord is quite sure to work wonders in the eyes of His people. If the leaders of the Church with their minister will heartily unite in a fresh and real consecration to God, and pursue the work of renewing their covenant until the sacrifice is accepted and acknowledged from on high, there is no doubt what the effect will be in the Church and in the surrounding community. It is better than the presence of an evangelist; the results will be wider, sweeter, and more permanent than those of our "modern revivals."

THE WORK OF THE PREACHER. It is not merely to preach intellectual sermons discussing the theologies, philosophies, and sciences of the world; for the object is not simply to produce intellectual assent to the truth, but heart conviction; and the preacher whose own heart is not affected by the truth he preaches will not touch the hearts of others. There is a great deal of thoroughly orthodox and profoundly learned preaching, which utterly fails to accomplish the ends for which preaching was instituted. "We ask," says Mr. Bushnell, "whence the remarkable impotence of preaching in our time? It is because we concoct our gospels too much in the laboratory of our understanding; because we preach too many disquisitions, and look for effects correspondent only with the natural forces exerted."

Intellectual preaching, though it is entirely orthodox, is, after all, only a sort of dry light in the mind, which is not apt to produce holiness of heart and life. Nor is it the work of the preacher to be eloquent for the sake of eloquence. We often hear, respecting a preacher and his preaching, that he is a polished speaker; that his language is exquisite in chasteness and balance; that his sermons are literary models; that his elocution, his tones of voice, his attitudes and gestures are excellent; in short, that he is a fine orator. But the eloquence which consists merely of well-rounded periods, elegant diction, studied gestures, and well-conned sentences, is not wanted in the pulpit. It may do to awaken admiration on the rostrum and the stage, but it is not the eloquence which awakens souls dead in trespasses and in sins, and wins them to Christ. The highest type of pulpit eloquence, that which is born of the union of the Holy Ghost, is not sought for its own sake; it is, indeed, hardly a matter of consciousness with the orator, and comes not by exclusive attention to method, but by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost in the soul of the preacher, who is wholly preoccupied with the end he is seeking—the salvation of men.

Nor yet is it the work of the preacher to be merely a teacher of morality, simply outlining correctly what it is that we are required to do and to be. There is such a thing as preaching that aims to be very practical by dwelling upon the moralities of life, pointing out clearly, in the light of the Gospel, what is obligatory upon men as Christian citizens, neighbors, parents, and in business affairs, and yet is wholly devoid of the highest incentives to practice. It is in this last that the greatest defect in much of our modern preaching consists. It gives us correct views of duty, but stops there, and does not furnish us with divine inspirations and motives to the performance of duty. In the present day, men do not lack knowledge of the truth and of their duty. Throughout Christendom the vast majority of those who hear preaching already know much more than they practice. The reiteration in their ears of the doctrines and duties of Christianity does not add a particle to their knowledge, and does nothing to induce the practice of goodness.

The great work, therefore, of the preacher, is to stir up men to the solemn, stern, invincible purpose of doing what they know to be their duty. To arouse, to quicken the consciences of men, is the great end of all preaching. Men's convictions of duty are resisted and overpowered by strong temptations, by the senses and passions, by selfish hopes and selfish habits. It is the existence of these mighty antagonistic forces to virtue in human nature that make preaching necessary; and unless it awakens the resolution and effort to renounce sin, it is in vain.

The work to be done is to quicken dead souls into newness of life. Obviously, no human power can accomplish this result. All the learning and eloquence of the schools cannot arouse men from the lethargy of sin. Nothing short of the power of God can do that. That power is vouchsafed to the ministry in the indwelling presence and energy of the Holy Ghost. It is promised in the commission given to every man who is called of God to preach: "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." That they might have it, the first preachers were commanded: "Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high." That promise was gloriously fulfilled on the day of Pentecost, when "they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance."

The work of the preacher is to secure and wield the power of the Holy Ghost; to bring it to bear on the hearts and consciences of men, to preach the Gospel "not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power." Without this power, preaching is a tinkling cymbal—a vain show. Without it, there may be prodigies of theological learning; without it, there may be eloquent declamations, much admired and run after. But they work only on the surface. They preach themselves, not the truth as it is in Jesus. They may excite transient emotions, but do not touch the deep fountains of thought and feeling in the human soul. He alone, in whom the Holy Ghost abides, can preach the Gospel efficiently. The preaching that has not this divine power in it, we do not need. There is no use or place for such preaching. There is no reason or excuse for the existence of such preachers. Oratory, learning and moral science we can get outside of the pulpit. It was not to give us these that God instituted a living ministry; but that they might "preach the Gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven."

Do any of our readers wish to find an unsurpassed tutor for a son or daughter in the preparatory studies for college, or in any portion of the college course? They can find such an one in Dr. Henshaw, whose advertisement will be found on our fifth page. A professor of Rutgers' College, a principal of Williston Seminary, long a private teacher, he has no superior in the State as an instructor in the classics. We have for several years had personal knowledge of his success in training and "coaching" students both for college and when behindhand in their classes. We give this personal notice because we often have letters of inquiry from parents seeking just such an opportunity.

Our earliest Methodist recollections are associated with "Needham Circuit." It was one of the most important at the beginning of the century, embracing a good share of the towns on the west side of Boston, and was the battle-ground of the early and most noted itinerants. It was one of the two colleges in which young Methodist ministers in those days, associated with some elder brother, pursued their course of discipline and experimental service. The other university was Cape Cod. The two noted names of laymen on Needham Circuit were Father Beams, father-in-law of Rev. George Pickering, and Father Bogle, of precious memory. The latter lived within the limits of Needham, the former in Weston; the memorable homestead, sanctified by the sermons and prayers of Bishop Asbury and his co-workers, as well as by those of the afterwards truly venerable and beloved Father Pickering, is still standing. One of our most vivid recollections is a visit to this Methodist home during the last sickness of Father Pickering, with a company of preachers from Boston, and the pathetic address made on the occasion to the dying and triumphant saint, by Dr. Abel Stevens.

Needham Circuit is broken up into a dozen towns. The legitimate heir to its spiritual memories is the little church at Highlandville. We visited it, for the first time, last Sabbath. It has a large and beautiful edifice, costing, with its site, about \$11,000. It was built and dedicated under the efficient labors of Rev. G. R. Bout. The expense was nearly met by subscriptions, but the depression in business caused the failure of many of them, and deprived the membership largely of its resources. A debt of \$8,000 is a great embarrassment to the prosperity of the Church. Business, however, is brightening, and better days are opening before them. Rev. Stephen Cushing has supplied the pulpit for the last year and a half, and the courage of the Church is greatly invigorated. We found there quite a large congregation. It was Children's Day, and the house was beautiful and fragrant with flowers, and resonant with the worship of singing birds. They have a good Sabbath-school, and quite a large surrounding community to which the church offers the nearest accommodations. We trust all the expectations of their most prosperous days are now about to be realized.

Rev. W. H. H. Murray writes a curt, misanthropic, and sad card to the press, in response to the various statements and stories which have been published about him and his affairs. Mr. Murray has less occasion than most men, who have voluntarily kept themselves so conspicuously before the public, to complain of his treatment at the hands of the newspaper, or of the temporary misfortunes which he has entailed upon himself. Remarkably endowed with popular gifts as a public speaker, and favored with equally remarkable occasions for their full development and broadest usefulness, from the commencement to the close of his short ministerial career, he has deliberately perilled his usefulness and sacrificed his opportunities through his own masterful passion for other purely secular pursuits, and tastes quite below the sacred vocation of the ministry. No minister in Boston ever had a more ready access to his young merchants and his best movable population. His natural generosity and peculiar personal magnetism drew, in his early years in the city, a crowd of these classes to his ministry, both in Park Street and on Sunday evenings into Music Hall. He might have wrought the city as few other men have done if he had been consecrated to God and His work. It was a difficult labor to destroy the charm of this magnetic power. It was not done by foes, or lukewarm friends, or grieved associates. He alone has accomplished the fatal deed. The newspapers have been remarkably lenient. Stories that freely circulated in the streets, and would, in the instance of almost any other city minister, have been paraded through the columns of the daily press, have been withheld for several years. It is not envy, or jealousy, or malice, that have sent Mr. Murray from his pulpit. It is treachery to his covenant vows and disloyalty to his sublime calling. He intimates now that his work has always been disastrous to him. Does he mean that his heart was not in it? Is it a confession that he had never really given himself to God, and knew nothing of the inspiring power of supreme love for Christ? He must have forgot-

Editorial Items.

The first gun in the State canvass for the present year has been heard. Wesleyan Hall was well-lit on Tuesday, Sept. 2, with as fine a body of intelligent citizens as are rarely gathered in one company. It was a conference of pronounced temperance men, brought together from all portions of the State by the irresistible, prohibitory temperance man, Mr. Faxon, of Quincy. Two hundred men were present, and what was peculiar in these days, were remarkably harmonious in their discussions and conclusions. The great proportion of those present had been in the habit of acting with the Republican party, and still desired so to do; but were equally resolved to vote for no candidate for Governor, whose record was opposed to prohibitory legislation. The chief point of the discussion turned upon the two candidates now most conspicuously presented to the suffrages of the Republicans of the State—Lieut. Gov. Long and Hon. Henry L. Pierce. The former was endorsed without qualification, while nearly every speaker affirmed that his vote, under no circumstances, would be given for Mr. Pierce. The resolutions that were passed affirmed the use of alcoholic liquors as a beverage to be one of the greatest foes morally, socially and politically that we have to combat; that it is the duty of temperance Republicans to attend preliminary meetings and secure the nomination solely of temperance-supporting men; that the Republican party, if wise, will insert in its platform a prohibitory plank, and demand the enforcement of all laws relating to the sale of intoxicating liquors; that all loyal Republicans should seek to renew and preserve the ancient glory of the party won in the late war, by making a crowning effort to give freedom to the slaves of strong drink, and higher prosperity to the country by crushing the rum traffic, which is the prolific source of poverty and crime. It remains to be seen whether the party will prefer to secure the always doubtful votes of liquor dealers and their friends, and throw away the powerful moral element of twenty thousand, at least, pronounced temperance men. The party received one shock, from which it has never recovered, when it refused to sustain Governor Talbot on his first nomination for the office. Another would probably finish the supremacy of the party in the State, which, from its origin, has heretofore given it its largest comparative majorities. The life of a party is the moral aim it has in view and the honest support of God-fearing men. When the one degenerates into simply the retention of office, and the conscience of the other is trampled upon, the hour of dissolution is merely a question of time.

Our earliest Methodist recollections are associated with "Needham Circuit." It was one of the most important at the beginning of the century, embracing a good share of the towns on the west side of Boston, and was the battle-ground of the early and most noted itinerants. It was one of the two colleges in which young Methodist ministers in those days, associated with some elder brother, pursued their course of discipline and experimental service. The other university was Cape Cod. The two noted names of laymen on Needham Circuit were Father Beams, father-in-law of Rev. George Pickering, and Father Bogle, of precious memory. The latter lived within the limits of Needham, the former in Weston; the memorable homestead, sanctified by the sermons and prayers of Bishop Asbury and his co-workers, as well as by those of the afterwards truly venerable and beloved Father Pickering, is still standing. One of our most vivid recollections is a visit to this Methodist home during the last sickness of Father Pickering, with a company of preachers from Boston, and the pathetic address made on the occasion to the dying and triumphant saint, by Dr. Abel Stevens.

Needham Circuit is broken up into a dozen towns. The legitimate heir to its spiritual memories is the little church at Highlandville. We visited it, for the first time, last Sabbath. It has a large and beautiful edifice, costing, with its site, about \$11,000. It was built and dedicated under the efficient labors of Rev. G. R. Bout. The expense was nearly met by subscriptions, but the depression in business caused the failure of many of them, and deprived the membership largely of its resources. A debt of \$8,000 is a great embarrassment to the prosperity of the Church. Business, however, is brightening, and better days are opening before them. Rev. Stephen Cushing has supplied the pulpit for the last year and a half, and the courage of the Church is greatly invigorated. We found there quite a large congregation. It was Children's Day, and the house was beautiful and fragrant with flowers, and resonant with the worship of singing birds. They have a good Sabbath-school, and quite a large surrounding community to which the church offers the nearest accommodations. We trust all the expectations of their most prosperous days are now about to be realized.

Rev. W. H. H. Murray writes a curt, misanthropic, and sad card to the press, in response to the various statements and stories which have been published about him and his affairs. Mr. Murray has less occasion than most men, who have voluntarily kept themselves so conspicuously before the public, to complain of his treatment at the hands of the newspaper, or of the temporary misfortunes which he has entailed upon himself. Remarkably endowed with popular gifts as a public speaker, and favored with equally remarkable occasions for their full development and broadest usefulness, from the commencement to the close of his short ministerial career, he has deliberately perilled his usefulness and sacrificed his opportunities through his own masterful passion for other purely secular pursuits, and tastes quite below the sacred vocation of the ministry. No minister in Boston ever had a more ready access to his young merchants and his best movable population. His natural generosity and peculiar personal magnetism drew, in his early years in the city, a crowd of these classes to his ministry, both in Park Street and on Sunday evenings into Music Hall. He might have wrought the city as few other men have done if he had been consecrated to God and His work. It was a difficult labor to destroy the charm of this magnetic power. It was not done by foes, or lukewarm friends, or grieved associates. He alone has accomplished the fatal deed. The newspapers have been remarkably lenient. Stories that freely circulated in the streets, and would, in the instance of almost any other city minister, have been paraded through the columns of the daily press, have been withheld for several years. It is not envy, or jealousy, or malice, that have sent Mr. Murray from his pulpit. It is treachery to his covenant vows and disloyalty to his sublime calling. He intimates now that his work has always been disastrous to him. Does he mean that his heart was not in it? Is it a confession that he had never really given himself to God, and knew nothing of the inspiring power of supreme love for Christ? He must have forgot-

ten some error in his ministry. We heard him preach once in New York, at the installation of Rev. Mr. Richardson, when he was moved himself almost beyond control, and the whole audience, and a platform full of ministers, were melted into an irresistible flood of tears. Did he dislike his position and work on that occasion? No man or minister can serve God and man. The moment he attempts it, he will be ill at ease in any place. It is a fearful thing to cast down the sublime gift of the ministry. Mr. Murray is a young man. His future is not necessarily "behind him." If he would drop "backboards" and stables, renew his consecration and enter with all his soul upon the work of redeeming his fellow-men, the golden prime of his life would cast into the shade all the rich promise even of his early maturity.

We have not alluded heretofore to the scandalous story first printed in an unscrupulous New York newspaper, in reference to Dr. J. P. Thompson, formerly of the Tabernacle Church, New York, but now of Berlin, Germany. While he was lying, as was supposed, at the point of death in London, a miserable, intemperate husband in this country, sold a set of sacred and mutilated letters which purported to have been written to his wife by Dr. Thompson, and which were purveyed into insinuations of improper intimacies. It seems that the same villain had attempted to extort money, by blackmailing, of the Doctor himself. The story fell flat. No honorable reader for a moment credited it. Perhaps an exception ought to be made in the instance of the editor of the *Catholic Review*, who seemed to gloat upon it. It was not thought necessary, by the religious press, to deny it. The author of this wicked scandal himself has since attempted to withdraw his own hand from the libeling act, while his wife, who is an accomplished musician, in a modest and assuring card, denies every statement, and explains the character of the letters. When pursuing her music lessons abroad she had a letter of introduction to Dr. Thompson. He had treated her with great kindness, and was from her the highest respect. His simple letters of kindly aid had been humbly and gratefully accepted by her unworthy husband to accomplish a wicked purpose. Thus the vile story of a day is at once deprived of all credence, and the unstained character of one of our noblest American citizens, as well as most esteemed ministers, is fully defended without even an indignant protest from the defamed individual himself, now happily recovering. Will the *Catholic Review* correct its too glibly written article for a scandalous and libelous article, and inform its readers that its column of philosophic meditations has lost the foundation of its chief illustration?

Miss Frances E. Willard's short address before the Preachers' Meeting, September 1, awakened fresh interest in the noble crusade to which she has devoted her life and her remarkable forensic abilities. She seeks, in her own State of Illinois especially, where she is president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and throughout the land, an opportunity for women's vote on the temperance question, as a "Home Protection." Her very effective argument for this was briefly outlined in her few remarks. At several of our camp-meetings where she has had time and a full audience, she has carried both the judgment and the sensibilities of her hearers, creating a powerful enthusiasm for the temperance reform, and for room for women to exercise in it, not simply moral power, but the freeman's right of ballot. Her full line of reasoning, with the various petitions and documents used in the late canvass in Illinois, with plans for the organization of local unions, and an excellent address of Dr. S. M. Vernon upon Local Option, are all published in a tract, at the Independent office, under the title of *Home Protection Manual*. Twenty-five copies of these Miss Willard generously distributed among the members of the Preachers' Meeting. At the close of her remarks the following resolution, moved by Rev. Dr. McKee, was passed by a unanimous voting vote:—Resolved, That we have listened with great pleasure to the address of Miss Frances Willard, and wish her Godspeed in her noble Christian work of seeking protection for our American homes.

On Wednesday evening of this week, Sept. 10th, Miss Willard gave a free lecture at the Clarendon St. Baptist Church (Dr. Gordon's) at 7-1/2 o'clock. We advise all who can do so, to avail themselves of this opportunity to hear this very eloquent and devoted woman upon one of the most important social and moral themes of the hour. The trustees of the Boston City Hospital make their Fifteenth Report. It is an interesting document for the professional reader and the student of social science. Over four thousand different patients have been treated during the year, the hospital having at one time three hundred and seventy patients in its wards. One of the most interesting features of the hospital is the Training School for Nurses connected with it. A valuable two years' course of instruction has been arranged. Sixty-four pupils have been connected with it. Recitations and lectures are included in the course. Twenty-seven practical and very valuable lectures were delivered upon the most important subjects connected with the care of the last year, by accomplished physicians. Persons wishing to avail themselves of this school can apply to the Hospital Superintendent, Dr. Edward Cowles. We have only one criticism upon this excellently-managed institution: its doors are still closed against the pupils of the School of Medicine of Boston University. It is only a question of time, however, for justice is irresistible.

Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, the wealthy and worthy lady of New York, whose heart and hand have been open to the cry of unremunerated labor in that city, publishes a small paper, edited by Rev. R. Heber Newton, called the *Worker*, in the interest of cooperative colonization. Its object is to gather up reliable information in reference to various portions of the Union where lands are productive and can be readily secured and cultivated, and to aid individuals or colonies in obtaining them, without being exposed to the designs and frauds of land speculators. The paper is full of valuable practical information in this respect. Published monthly, 25 cents for six numbers, 1435 Broadway, New York city. E. E. Barnum is business manager.

The *Art Magazine* for September calls forth the admiration of many friends that it has already made. It is full of interesting matter pertaining to home and household art. It meets the requirements of all kinds of readers who have any refinement or taste. It is full of news from all parts of the world, giving especial attention to New York and Boston. There are several fine cuts, three columns of short editorial comments, an entertaining article, fully illustrated, upon "Jean Leon Gerome and his Work," and a second article upon "The Masterpieces of Art." There is the usual supplementary sheet of plaque designs, the value of which is apparent to the ladies, and several

exceedingly interesting contributions upon Decorative Art. It is only \$3 a year; published in New York.

The following letter, addressed to Mrs. A. J. dorman, district secretary of the W. F. M. Society, from Mrs. Viole at the American Mission Home, Yokohama, July 28th, records the circumstances attending the sudden death of Mrs. Macleay:—

"Yesterday, Sunday morning, the beloved wife of Dr. Macleay, superintendent of the M. E. Mission in Japan, was taken while in church with apostasy, just at the close of the opening service, at which she had been playing the organ. She had just finished playing and singing, 'Rest for the Weary' when she leaned forward on the organ, and lay to some one near, 'Pan ane,' and closed her eyes on all below. After a few hours of unconsciousness, during which time she was carried to her own house, she opened them in heaven, having found an entrance through the gates while the strains of music had scarcely died on her lips. A sweet, peaceful finding of a beautiful life of usefulness! A good place, a good time, to hear the Master's call. 'It is enough; come up hither!' Twice in less than one month she had entered our little missionary circle, warning us that time is short; and whatsoever our hands find to do, must be done with our might. 'I might as well die as live in this world, as I was in Hades, and will know nothing of this great loss to the mission for several days. I was sent for at the church, when she was taken, and remained with her most of the time. Also Miss Schoonmaker was summoned by telegraph from Tokyo and was with her. We remain till after the funeral, which takes place to-morrow, the 29th."

Rev. H. W. Conant writes from Providence:—"I desire to express my hearty appreciation of the valuable service that the Home Protection Manual, by Miss Willard, must render, not only to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, but to the whole body of temperance workers who are fortunate enough to come in contact with it. The ringing utterances of the author of the *Home Protection Manual*, but to the no more popular pen for this work could be found. The paper is a very handsome sheet, printed in large type, and edited with marked taste and ability. If it meets the patronage it merits, its proprietors will have reason to be entirely satisfied."

The *Golden Rule* appears again as a weekly newspaper. It is published by Rev. H. A. Shorey and Mr. Charles W. Baldwin; the former was an assistant editor with Mr. Murray, and will have in charge the religious department of the paper. The chief editor is Mr. W. H. Merrill, who has been the managing editor heretofore, and is every way equal to the demands of such a chair. Rev. H. Merrill will have charge of the Sabbath-school department, and no more popular pen for this work could be found. The paper is a very handsome sheet, printed in large type, and edited with marked taste and ability. If it meets the patronage it merits, its proprietors will have reason to be entirely satisfied."

We had a pleasant visit, last week, from Dr. George W. Woodruff, on his return from a vacation trip leading him into Canada. During this tour he attended and preached at a Sunday-school Convention held in Waterloo, Canada. He preached, also, in Quebec, and was full of enthusiasm over the hearty and fraternal reception bestowed upon him by the Wesleyan brethren in the Dominion. He spent an evening on his way to New York with his old parishioners in Fall River, where his memory and that of his lately deceased wife are still fresh and fragrant.

We are in a fair way to know the size of the army of indolent sinners in the United States. Eliza Wright, president of the National Liberal League Association, calls a convention to meet in Cincinnati, Sept. 13, to organize a political party, anti-sectarian, anti-majorities, anti-religion in government, anti-Bible in schools, anti-Sabbath, anti-prosecution of the clergy, and anti-everything that is venerable and sacred to the hearts of American Christians.

We have received from the secretary of the New England Branch of the W. F. M., a particularly touching little tract, giving, in a letter from the pen of Mrs. Annie Viole, a full account of the last hours and words of the greatly-lamented and beloved Miss Susan B. Anthony. We suppose that no one could be so fully conversant with the life and inspiration of her friends.

Rev. Dr. McKee desires us to say to his patrons of former years—brethren in the ministry and others—that in his arrangements with the Redpath Lyceum Bureau he has reserved the right to give a limited number of lectures in aid of Churches and worthy charities at reduced prices. Address him direct, 11 Moreland Street, Boston Highlands.

The *Heavenly Woman's Friend*, for September, is as beautiful and interesting as ever. With its large, fair type, its instructive and affecting correspondence from mission stations, its short selections, and its admirable editorial paragraphs, it is a model of its kind, and should be in every Methodist family.

Rev. A. M. Osborn, D. D., one of the Nestors of the New York Conference, has as fresh and full of vitality as when he entered Conference over fifty years ago (and a great deal better preacher), called at the office on his way "Down East" for a short vacation. Dr. Osborn is pastor at Marlborough, on the Newburgh district.

Rev. S. L. Gracey, of Westfield, called at the office on his return, last week, from the Nobleboro' (Me.) camp-meeting. At the request of Presiding Elder Day, he and Dr. S. F. Upham attended and rendered very efficient aid during the progress of the meeting. The congregations at the services were large, and the meetings were very spiritual and successful in results.

We are requested to call special attention to the quarterly meeting of the N. E. Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, which is to be held in Lynn, at the Common Street M. E. Church, on Wednesday, Sept. 17, at 2-1/2 o'clock.

The *Little Gem and Kindergarten*, published by the Church Union, is an interesting, pretty-illustrated magazine for the little one. The first bound volume is now ready, and will be received as a gift with delight by the children.

Rev. A. W. Poole, of Wesley M. E. Church, Bath, issues a handsomely-printed pastoral leaflet to his people, full of excellent counsel, and presenting the benevolent enterprises of the Church and the names and terms of her periodicals.

ERRATUM: The conclusion of Prof.

The Family.

IN THE AFTER-GLOW.

Can it be that the day is gone?
It seems not very long
Since the morning joys were won
With treasures of light and song;
And the hills were fair in the golden dawn,
And the waves were merry and full of play,
And the daisies laughed on the green, green lawn
For joy of the day.

But the morning passed full soon,
And the light was strong and brave,
As it blazed in the skies at noon,
And the sun shone out in the west
Over the tranquil sea;
And the gray old rocks looked young again,
And the sober trees grew light and gay,
And all the people forgot their pain,
And the whole earth joined in a glad shout
For joy of the day.

But the early eve was the best,
Oh, fair was the hour to me,
When the sun shone out in the west
Over the tranquil sea;
And the softer light, like a chastened pleasure,
Came luring my heart away;
And the golden hues of the sea and shore,
The shadows behind and the lights before,
The wistful life-story told o'er and o'er
Brought a rapture I never had known before
For joy of the day.

But I saw the sun sink down
Away in the farthest west;
He was wearing his brightest crown,
As he rosy sank to his rest;
But I turned away in sadness
That I never again might know
The fair strong light of the brilliant day,
The mirth and the music passed away,
When I found myself in the after-glow.

Farewell to the busy day,
The labor, and strife, and care,
The music, and mirth, and play,
And welcome the hour of prayer!
When the last red light fades out from the west,
And the hour is come that I love the best,
I shall pass away to my home of rest
Through the after-glow.
Marianne Farnham.

ROUND LAKE IN AUGUST.

BY MISS M. E. WINSLOW.

Once more we date our letter from this loveliest of all the lovely groves set apart for the summer worship of our beauty-loving and beauty-creating God. We have spent happy days and blessed hours in nearly all of them, but in none have we so completely realized that "The Lord is in His holy temple," as when listening reverently for His voice or rejoicing in His golden sunshine as the light breezes tossed the leaves of the grand old trees of Round Lake. It is two years since we were last here; and wearied brain and disorganized nerve crying out for rest, we could think of no better place to rest in, and so we came, and are wonderfully rested. The camp-meeting season is over, and the absence of the concentric rings of pretty white tents surrounding the auditorium at first struck us with a sense of loss, but after a little time the clearer view thus obtained of the ring of fairy cottages, and the tall straight trunks of the trees, proved ample compensation, while the multitudes of new cottages, with the fountains, music-stand, cultivated grounds surrounding the hotel, and the grand hotel itself, costing \$26,000, and built in 1878 on what was a mingled jungle and swamp at our last visit, are improvements which to see is to appreciate. Near to the hotel, and thus removed from the camp-ground, is the pretty new enclosure surrounding, and the canopy covering, the mineral spring whose hundred feet below the surface, at an expense of \$12,000, and whose opening we assisted the bishops in celebrating at the second internal meeting four years ago.

Running directly from this point is the smooth, hard road leading past the commodious sheds and stables at the main entrance, all constructed during the past two years. A pleasant drive of a few minutes in the fresh morning air to-day brought us to the entrance of Palestine Park, of which we can say, after a careful inspection of its hills, valleys, mountains, plains and cities, that it is on a grander scale than that of Chautauque, the defects in the latter having been remedied by the constructor of both—Dr. Wythe. Within the same enclosure stands a model of the Holy City on a scale of one foot to 150, covered from the weather by a tent, and surrounded by a circular footway upon which, in company with a guide, visitors may obey the injunction, "Go ye round about Jerusalem and tell the towers thereof." As we stood just above the Mount of Olives, looking down upon Gethsemane and up along a narrow, steep street, some old lines seemed to float on the air:—

"Via, via dolores, where His weary, bleeding feet
Led the world's divine Redeemer
Pain and grief and death to meet;
And a mist of holy tears gathered between us
And the model city, which have for us baptized Round Lake with an added sanctity, and perfumed the summer wind with some of the sweet scents of the long ago Garden in which stood the holy sepulchre.

We came to Round Lake to rest, but we have fallen upon the camp-meeting of the Women's National Christian Temperance Union, and of course are irresistibly drawn to attend the meetings. Round Lake is so centralized that it is impossible to be here and hold aloof from the religious work going on, differing from almost all the other great camp-grounds in this respect. The services have been according to the usual routine—three a day, preceded by a morning consecration meeting, and supplemented by a juvenile meeting at noon under the general direction of Miss Julia Colman, whose temperance literature, chiefly of an educational nature, has, during the past five years, done so much to spread the knowl-

edge of common-sense temperance all over our land. The speakers have been many, from various parts of the country, and have touched the many-sided subject from all points, the religious aspect, of course, predominating, while the political one, or that of total prohibition, has come more boldly to the front than was the wont a few years ago in our women's meetings. It seems to be a settled conviction with these workers that it is a useless waste of labor to be constantly damming up the mouth of a river while its sources are constantly replenished from the fountain of legalized governmental support.

To thoroughly appreciate Round Lake, one must enter into the spirit of one of its beautiful Sundays as yesterday; must sit under the glistening shadows of the rustling leaves and follow the well-trained voices of the Round Lake choir as they send their solos and choruses up through the tall trees to heaven. Yesterday's services opened with a morning "love-feast," in which multitudes of voices told how God had unsealed their lips and filled them with the blessing of full salvation in this temperance work. A regular service followed, at which Mrs. Wittenmeyer, president of the Union, told with a wonderful mingling of pathos, statistics, and keen satire, of the terrible needs for the work, and its success thus far. In the afternoon Mrs. Letitia Youmans, of Canada, one of the most powerful speakers of any country, of either sex, held an audience of over two thousand in rapt attention for nearly two hours with a highly dramatic address on "Haman's License" to murder his fellow-men. In the evening Mrs. Mary C. Johnson, of Brooklyn, spoke to an audience nearly as large, on the general spread of the temperance work, especially those aspects of it inaugurated by the crusade movement, in Europe and other parts of the world. At the close of this latter service multitudes rushed forward to sign the pledge, mostly young men and women. But among them appeared a little boy of about six years, blind from his birth, leading by both hands a father and mother, who looked as though they needed to take the pledge to which they tremblingly added their names. Many eyes were moistened as the three signatures—that of the blind boy being written by some one standing by—were placed on the roll; nor were the tears lessened as the little fellow sang all by himself,—

"Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in His beauty I see the great King;
And imagination carried us forward to that hour when the little eyes, slightly always upon earth, should first open and "see Jesus."

Then the bell tolled for 10 o'clock, and the great congregation separated; one by one the lights went out in cottage and tent; the voice of prayer or conversation ceased to be heard; the stars looked silently down among the tree-tops, and God's eternal peace rested over beautiful Round Lake in the dewy stillness of the August night.

MY BOUQUETS.

BY ALICE ALLEN.

I called on a friend to-day, whose trim little garden was bright with blossoms. She gathered a bouquet and gave it to me, with the remark that it would be better than nothing, as I had no flowers. I thanked her for the sweet gift, but assured her at the same time that, although without a garden this year, I was seldom destitute of bouquets. Nature was a gardener that freely furnished materials whenever I would take the trouble to gather them.

When I reached home I looked about to see if I really was so deserving of my friend's pity. On a stand was a moss basket filled with sprays of hemlock, pine and larch, or back-sack—the latter variegated with the red of the young cones; the new growth on the hemlock gave a pleasing variety to the green, while for flowers, there were the white racemes of the black cherry. And these did not seem like strangers, just introduced, as do the flowers of many a bouquet, but had such an air of life-long acquaintance that it was a pleasure to contemplate them. On a bracket was a fragrant cluster of azaleas, while a tiny glass held a spray of rose-buds. I passed into another room. Here were only a few ferns, with grasses and the scarlet-berried partridge vine.

These simple combinations would hardly be tolerated by many a professed lover of flowers, for if the whole gorgeous bloom of the tropics were at their disposal, they would think as large a variety as possible must be crowded into one vase. Alas for the flowers, if as sensitive as we can easily imagine them!

I would rather see a cluster of ferns than such gay, ill-assorted masses. And the ferns, with many a sweet little flower, grow so freely about our very doors even, that the busy, burdened women, who have no leisure for garden work, need not be destitute of a bit of nature's brightness with which to refresh themselves amid their hurried work.

But it is not alone the blossom or leaf that gives pleasure; it is the associations connected with them, and the suggestions of a beauty of which they are only a part. "The secret of our emotion never lies in the bare object,

but in its subtle relation to our own past." A yellow violet always reminds me of my childhood. I can see again the old farm-house and the wooded knolls where the violets and spring beauties grew. Blue-eyed grass recalls the hill-side spring by the little brown school-house in the Green Mountain State. The purple trillium is always gathered, notwithstanding its disagreeable odor, for it, too, is a reminder of childhood's days. Who could not multiply similar illustrations of the power of association! It is indeed true that "we could never have loved the earth so well, if we had had no childhood in it, if it were not the earth where the same flowers come up again every spring that we used to gather with our tiny fingers as we sat lisping on the grass."

Precious beyond measure are reminders of those early days. Though the present be sunny, the future radiant with promise, there must still be a charm about "the life that behind us lies;" and this is well, for occasional backward glances help to keep us youthful, and prevent the rust and dust from gathering on our souls; and all too few are the means taken to gain this end. I believe one of the great faults of many of our toilers is that plans for the present and future embrace everything but recreation. Time is to be crowded full of work, and if any deviation is made, a half guilty feeling prevents its full enjoyment. Better that some of the work go undone than that life should become only one long day of toil, with little or no opportunity for enjoyment, mental improvement, or the cultivation of our aesthetic tastes.

As well might one wait for future leisure in which to enjoy the roses that are blooming to-day as to wait for recreation until there is "nothing to do;" very seldom does that time come in these busy lives, and when it does, aspirations and longings have been so long crushed that they are at last unheeded. "Gather the roses while you may." A little brightness, a little perfume can be afforded each day, or rather the denial of these cannot be afforded. The sweet spring flowers come and go, succeeded by those of summer, and the gay blossoms of autumn will nod and beckon from hillside and wood, but none will wait for hands that linger; to-day's beauties belong to it, and should be made a part of our lives.

IN THE VALLEY.

BY E. P.

At the Throne of love and mercy,
Feeds my tired soul to-night;
My darkness aethers round me,
Blessed Saviour, send Thy light!

Just beyond me is the mountain,
Flooded o'er with silver light;
And I hear the distant murmur
Of the brooks on yonder height.

Can it be my Saviour's blessing
Lingers on the mountain height,
While I, in the vale below it,
Wait and pray—God, send Thy light!

Can it be that faith is lacking,
Can it be I ask amiss?
Oh, forgive me, if I wander,
Thou most ready to assist!

Thou, O Christ, art ever willing
Weary ones should come to Thee;
Heavy-laden ones who ask it
Shall Thy blessed presence see.

Hark! I hear my Saviour saying,
"Come, and I will give you rest;"
And within the vale so shadowed,
Light has come, for Christ has blest.

Hudson, N. Y.

AN INCIDENT.

BY MRS. R. H. WOOD.

A flash of light, and a peal of heaven's heaviest artillery took me out of the reverie into which I had fallen, on one hot summer's day, as I sauntered in the woods, listening to music such as one never hears except in the quiet groves where nature reigns. I looked through the trees and saw only a black, rolling cloud flashing forth electric light, and throwing chain after chain of liquid fire above and around me.

In vain I sought a shelter from the approaching storm. On it came, mighty in strength, twisting trees, and uprooting those less firmly entrenched. Hailstones, like demons, came pelting and cutting my face in their fury. I threw myself face to the ground and waited till the storm should pass.

As I lay prostrate before the tempest, and listening to its roar, these words ran through my mind: "The good man's steps are ordered of the Lord;" then came the question, "Why were my steps directed to this place and at such a time as this?"

The storm-cloud had spent its fury, and nature was resuming its loveliness as I turned to go away, walking in the opposite direction from the one I had taken on entering the woods. A little distance brought me to a shady ravine where a little brook ran over its pebbly bed. Just over where I stood for a moment to survey the quiet beauty before me was a tree, its branches overhanging the stream. A slight movement among the leaves arrested my attention, I looked to see what it could be, and heard a smothered voice, as of an infant playing and prattling in its mother's arms. Then came a smothered groan and hurried whispering. I leaned forward for further observation, and my eyes met the black, piercing ones of my old friend, the loved school companion of my youth—the beautiful Leonora.

I hastened towards her. She in her madness cried out, "You will tell him! I know you'll tell him!" and hugging her babe to her bosom made a wild

leap from her seat in the branches of the tree, and fell into the stream below. Shriek after shriek went over the hills, and arrested a traveler who came to my help. We succeeded in taking the babe from her grasp, and went to the carriage, the poor mother following and crying, "Don't take my little Willie away! They have spoiled my dear Harold, now you take my baby!"

I tenderly caressed the babe, and then placed it beside the driver in the carriage. It was but the work of a moment for that excited mother to seat herself beside the traveler, and take the babe on her lap. As I took the infant's hand and caressed it, the mother looked steadily and calmly in my face, seeming for a moment to recognize me, and then broke out in the most violent language, calling for Harold, and saying in the same breath, "Hush! hush! he will hear us; he still!"

It was the work of hours to allay the excitement of that over-burdened brain, and produce the sleep which came to save her.

Years have passed, and the lovely Leonora again sits by her honored husband's side as a queen among women. In the sequel to the above we find an answer to the question, "Why were my steps directed to this place and at such a time?"

Harold Krewitzman, one of Heidelberg's brightest scholars, had gone down step by step so low as to mingle in a drunken brawl, and had been taken by companions less drunken than himself to his home, where he indulged the demon within him, even to the threatening of his frail, loving wife, who in the darkness of night fled to the woods, to hide from him till intoxication had passed. Poor, frail woman! Her nerves could no longer bear the constant foreboding of the greater evils of ruined reputation and fortune and of all that was noble and good in her own Harold. Day by day she saw him sinking down from the highest type of manhood to the beastly level. This was the vision that haunted her, whether in her waking hours, or when sleep came proffering rest to her aching heart. In this sad night came the additional anguish that dethroned reason, and sent her madly to the dark woods, carrying her darling boy in her slender arms.

In the delirium which followed was revealed the suppressed suffering of years, which so smote and mortified the proud spirit of her naturally noble husband, as to lead him to true reform, which is by repentance and faith in Jesus Christ, the only source of that strength which is able to conquer sin.

The Little Folks.

I DON'T WANT TO.

BY COUSIN MARGARET.

Jennie Long was a fair-faced, pretty little girl nearly seven years old; and in general she was as sweet and agreeable as she looked. But one day, when Jennie was dressing her favorite paper doll, Minette, in a new party dress of white tissue, her mother said:—

"Jennie, I wish you would come and rock your baby brother a little while."

"I don't want to," said Jennie.

Mrs. Long looked surprised, for her little girl had always been very helpful and ready; but she said no more. By and by she sat sewing, and not being able to leave her little babe, who was ailing, she spoke again:—

"Jennie, I wish you would go down and tell Bridget that I cannot come down to help her with the ironing, and that she will have to leave it until to-morrow."

Jennie was carefully cutting a dress of gilt paper, after the pattern of the white tissue, and as her first act of disobedience had been so successful, she was prompt to repeat it.

"I don't want to," she replied.

Her mother looked at her thoughtfully for a long time, but Jennie was busy with Minette's paper sash, and did not notice. This little girl, warmly and nicely dressed, with all her wants abundantly supplied, so enjoying one of her many amusements, did not see the look of strong pain in her kind mother's pale face.

Mrs. Long was a very devoted mother. The comfort and happiness of her children were her first thought, her own last. She had brought Jennie up very tenderly, so anticipating her needs and filling her life with delight that it had been very easy for little Jennie to be so good and smiling. But of late, since the baby came, Mrs. Long had not been able to give her daughter such close attention, and Jennie, left more to herself, had begun to show a very serious fault—that of disobedience to her mother.

It was the first time, but Mrs. Long knew the seriousness of the matter. While Jennie played carelessly about the chamber, she sat at her sewing and reflected.

By and by Jennie came to her side.

"Mamma," she said, "I wish you would fix my dollie's hat."

"I don't want to," replied Mrs. Long quietly.

"I don't want to," replied her mother, merely glancing carelessly at the rent garment.

"Won't you mend this," asked Jennie, looking bewildered.

"I don't want to," was the answer.

And now Jennie began to look very forlorn. She roamed aimlessly about the room in her torn apron, casting wistful glances at her quiet mother, who took no notice of her whatever. She began to feel lonely and unhappy, and to understand that she had done wrong. It came back to her that she had not minded her mother, and by and by she remembered what she had said, and how she had said it; and then Jennie understood the disgrace into which she had fallen.

She did not know what to do. She wanted to cry.

By and by the bell rang for dinner. Mrs. Long arose, put the mosquito netting over the crib of the sleeping baby, and turned to leave the room.

"Mamma, won't you give me my dinner?" asked Jennie in a trembling voice.

"I don't want to," replied her mother, and left the room.

Jennie threw herself upon a sofa and sobbed violently. She was hungry and wanted her dinner, but she did not care so much for that as to have her mother go down without her. To be treated coldly by that beloved mother, to be alienated from her, filled her little bosom with a pain which was almost unendurable.

Suddenly a gentle hand was laid upon her head.

"What is the matter, Jennie?"

"O mamma," she cried, springing up at sound of the familiar voice, and clinging to her mother's dress, "don't speak to me!"

"Don't speak how, Jennie?"

"Don't say, 'I don't want to!'"

"But that is what you say to me, Jennie."

"I never will again, mamma! I never, never will!"

"My dear little girl," said her mother, taking her in her arms, "you must begin to learn the meaning of duty. One of a child's duties is obedience to its parents. One of a parent's duties is care for the children given to them. I try to do mine, Jennie. I am very careful to provide my little girl with everything that is good for her. Therefore it grieves me greatly to have my Jennie refuse to give me any little help in my work which I may ask of her, or disobey me in any way. If you think you can remember this, my child, and will try to be obedient to your mother in future, we will go down to dinner together."

"I certainly will, mamma."

When Jennie had her place at the dinner table at her mother's right hand, and had been nicely helped, she looked up from her well-filled plate, and said:—

"Mamma, hadn't you rather dine with me?"

"A great deal rather," replied her mother, smiling.

THE BURNING BUSH.

In the tangled, dim old garden,
Where the ivy had traced its name,
I saw one autumn morning
A bush all aflame;
All its leaves like burning fashions
Leaved up in a glowing blaze,
And I thought, the old-time marvel
Is wrought in later days.

Not a fire curled or shivered,
No tress scorched or shriveled,
Yet it flamed like the fiery pillar
That led old Israel's host;
And I thought, the old-time marvel
Is wrought in later days.
Spoke soft, but made no sound;
And I knew that God was saying,
"This ground is holy ground;

"There's no backward glancing needed
To teach thee what to do;
For the bush that burned for Moses
Glowed bright to-day for you;
And the voice that thrilled the prophet
To dwell before the Lord,
Is the same that now interprets
Jehovah's mighty word;

"O'er the busy Present's pathway
Still 'signs and wonders' move,
And the miracles of nature
Her laws unchanging prove;
Ye have need to walk with reverence,
Bare-headed and feet unshod,
And hear the Word of God."

Chicago Unity.

Miscellany.

Alas! they had been friends in youth,
But whispering tongues can poison truth,
And life is thorny, and youth is vain,
And to be with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Left by the wounds of long and vain
A dreary sea now flows between them,
But neither hear, nor frost, nor thunder
Will ever drive the memory
Of the marks of that which once hath been.
Colorado.

WHAT A MAN CANNOT AFFORD.

A man cannot afford to be unfaithful under any circumstances; cannot afford to be mean at any time; cannot afford to do less than his best at all times and under any circumstances. No matter how unjustly you are treated, you cannot for your own sake, use anything but your better self, nor render anything but your better service; you cannot afford to lie to a liar; you cannot afford to do other than deal uprightly with any man, no matter what exigencies may exist between him and you. No man can afford to be anything but a true man, living in his highest nature, and acting from the highest consideration.

THE TENDER SHEPHERD.

Among the hills of Scotland, said Dr. Guthrie, I have met a shepherd, far from the fold, driving home a lost sheep (one which had gone astray)—a creature panting for breath, amazed, alarmed, foot-sore; and when the rocks around rang loud to the baying of the dogs, he has seen them dashed fiercely at his sides, bounding it home. How different Jesus brings home His lost! He tenderly lifts them, lays them upon His shoulder, and over all stony and rough places He bears them, till the home is reached, and friends and neighbors are called in to rejoice over the lost one found.

FLEEING FOR REFUGE.

BY HELEN BRUCE.

Rock of my strength, my Refuge, O my God!
Driven by the tempest, unto Thee I fly;
The bolts have struck me; the rude winds have torn;
Receive, protect me, or I fall and die!

Strong Friend of sinners, humbly do I own
Myself unworthy of Thy care or aid;
But there is help and hope in Thee alone—
O bid my trembling soul be afraid!

Fierce bolts of Babylon compass me about,
And wolves and tigers in sheep's clothing stand
To spoil and slay me; save me from their hate;
Confound and shame them by Thy mighty hand!

For Young and Old.

Only Fun.

.... A young lady, on being asked what business her lover was in, and not liking to say he bottled soda, answered: "He's a practicing Ecclésiast."

.... "Conductor, why did you not wake me as I asked you? Here I am miles beyond my station." Conductor: "I did try, sir, but all I could get out of you was, 'All right, Maria, get the children ready for breakfast, and I'll be down in a minute.'"

.... "I had no time to stuff the chicken," apologized a landlady. "Never mind, madam, it's tough enough as it is," replied a boarder.

.... It will not do to rely implicitly on all the directions for farming given in the newspapers. A farmer writes to an exchange: "I saw in a paper that a Western farmer planted flax with potatoes, and it kept the bugs off. I planted flax and potatoes, and the flax came up first, and the bugs roosted on it, waiting for the potatoes to come up."

.... In the kitchen: "Rosalie, this going out incessantly I cannot have; next Sunday you must stay at home all day." "But madam, I have promised my employer to spend the afternoon with Mr. Baby, interceding: 'Do let her go, mamma; her aunt has been made a sergeant, and has got a new coat with stripes on it, and a great long sword.'"

.... As a party of gentlemen and ladies were climbing to the top of a high church tower one hot day a gentleman remarked: "This is rather a spiral flight of steps." To which a lady rejoined: "Yes, precisely; and she wiped her brow as she spoke."

.... A gentleman, learned in the origin of social customs, was asked the meaning of eating an old shoe after a newly-married couple, as they start on their trip. He said: "To indicate that the chances of matrimony are very slippery."

.... A small boy was hoeing corn in a sterile field by the roadside, up near Bethel, Indiana, when a passer-by stopped and said: "Pray to me your corn is rather small." "Certainly," said the boy. "It is dwarf corn." "But it looks taller." "Certainly. We planted the taller kind." "But it looks as if you wouldn't care to grow a half-acre." "Of course not," said the boy. "We planted her on shares."

.... "Look at de piranna, folks," said old Sam Johnson, the other night, to a roomful of his sable friends; "look at de piranna! Dere is where you see de danger, showing de proper apcar ob de brack man. Duan you see de common notes, de white trash down in de lower row, all run together like a whitewashed board fence? Aw' up in de balcony you see de brack notes, de people ob color, arranged in select as-semblies ob two and fives."—Boston Transcript.

.... "My, what a steep hill! And see those ten or eleven wreathes packed in one way, that the poor staggering horse can hardly draw!" "Wreathes? there are all Christians, mum, golt' to the camp-meeting!"

.... A woman lapsed to the third power of widowhood, but the photograph of her three departed lords in a group, with a vignette of herself in the centre, and underneath is the inscription: "The Lord will provide."

.... Dean Stanley was not equal to his opportunities when he performed the marriage ceremony for Prof. Tyndal. The dean should have asked the groom: "Do you take this antipode to be your lawful wife, to love with your whole nerve centres, to cherish with your whole cellular tissue, until a final molecular disturbance shall resolve its organism into its primitive atoms?" The very reverend gentleman did not avail himself of so rare an opportunity is only one among failures of mankind to turn to advantage some genial mood of destiny and launch the boat when the tide is in.—Cincinnati Commercial.

Gems of Religious Thought.

.... When Rev. W. S. Ranton, a Methodist minister at Newburg, N. Y., was dying, his daughter asked: "Is the river dark?" "No," he answered, "never dark to the Christian. Let the Lord's love be clear across." These were his last words.

.... The only cure for indolence is work; the only cure for selfishness is service; the only cure for unbelief is to shake off the ague of doubt by doing Christ's bidding; the only cure for timidity is to plunge into some dreaded duty before the call comes on.—Rutherford.

.... And when the angel of shadow
Rests his feet on wave and shore,
And our eyes grow dim with watching,
And our hearts faint at the oar,—
Happy is he who heareth
The signal of his release
In the bells of the Holy City,
The chimes of eternal peace.

.... Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending a little you may overlook it altogether. So it is with our moral nature; we are greatest, fiercest with a vicious habit, which could have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.

.... Good intentions are at least the seed of good actions; and every man ought to sow them, and leave it to the soil and seasons whether they come up or no, or whether he or any other gathers the fruit.—Temple.

.... The experiment of elevating mankind by the unaided power of man has been tried for centuries, and it is not too soon to say that the experiment has utterly failed. Give us back again the simple, purifying Gospel of Christ. Tear away from it the leas which are choking it, and we may live to hear once more a nation crying aloud, "The Lord, He is the God!"—The Churchman.

.... The Cross of Christ is divided throughout the world. To each his portion and his lot. Thou, therefore, O my soul, cast not thy portion from thee, but rather take it to thee as thy most precious relic, and lay it up, not in gold and silver shrine, but in a golden heart—a heart clothed with gentle charity, with patience and suffering submission.—Luther.

.... The Sculptured Soul.
Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him,
And his face lit up with a smile of joy,
As he carved the dream on that shapeless stone.
With many a sharp incision;
With heaven's own light the sculpture shone—
He had caught the angel-vision.
Sculptors of life are we, as we stand,
With our soul uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour when, at God's command,
Our life-dream passes o'er us.
If we carve it then on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
Is heavenly beauty that we own—
Our lives that angel-vision.
Bishop G. W. Doane.

Religious Items.

100

[illegible]

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE
Second Coming of Christ
CONSIDERED IN ITS RELATION TO THE
MILLENNIUM, THE RESURRECTION
AND THE JUDGMENT.
BY BISHOP S. M. MERRILL.
Cloth 16mo. 282 Pages.....\$1.00.

A timely contribution to sound and rational thought. It will serve as an admirable antidote for a good deal of rank poison that many sentimental people are swallowing. — *Western Christian Advocate*, 1879.

A Saintly and Successful Worker,
FOR,
SIXTY YEARS A CLASS-LEADER.
A Biographical Study, including incidental discussions of the Theory and Experience of Perfect Love; of the Class and Class-meetings; and of the Art of Winning Souls, suggested by the Experiences and Labors of William Carse.
By DANIEL WISE, D. D.
Cloth, 16mo. 276 Pages.....\$1.00.

Dr. Wise has in this volume retained all the vital germ of his own life, and has put it forth in such form as to more fully meet the demands of these times. A work that cannot come too early before the Sunday-schools and private libraries. — *Richmond Christian Advocate*, May 15, 1879.

For Sale By
JAMES P. MAGEE,
38 Bromfield St., Boston.

JUST ISSUED,
VOLUME III
SYSTEMATIC THEOLOGY.
By MINER RAYMOND, D.D.
CONTENTS:
ETHICS.
PART I.....THEORETICAL.
Obligation; Conscience; Virtue; Moral Culture; Defects in Natural Religion; The Holy Scriptures.
PART II.....PRACTICAL.
Classification of Questions; Duties to our Fellow-men; or Morality; Duties to God, or Piety.
ECOLOGICAL.
The Church; The Ordinary Means of Grace; The Sacraments; Baptism; Subjects of Christian Baptism; Mode of Christian Baptism; The Lord's Supper; Church Polity; Classification of Ministerial Duties and Offices; Episcopacy; Polity of the Methodist Episcopal Church.
Royal 8vo. Pp. 517. Price.....\$3.00.

Those who have had the two first vols. will want this. It is useful in style.
Every Pastor should have a copy of this great work.
JAMES P. MAGEE, Agent,
21 38 Bromfield St., Boston.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.
STUDIES IN THEISM.
BY BORDEN P. HOWNE.
Professor of Philosophy in Boston University, and author of "The Philosophy of Herbert Spencer."
12mo. pp. 444.....\$1.75.

This work is written in defense of Theism, and gives especial attention to the philosophical aspects of the question. In this respect it differs from most current works which have much illustration and little argument. The author holds that only a discussion of principles can have any lasting value, and that illustrations are meaningless until principles are established. He has dealt especially upon the theistic assumptions involved. In the nature of science, aiming to show that Theism is as necessary a postulate of objective sciences as of relation. The following are some of the subjects treated: of Knowledge and Skepticism; of Knowledge and Belief; Postulates of Objective Science; Postulates of Ethics; Mechanism and Teleology; Theism and Pantheism; Materialism, etc.

— o — o — o —
RECREATIONS IN ASTRONOMY,
With Directions for Practical Experiments and Telescopic Work.
By HENRY WHITE WARREN, D. D.
32 Illustrations and Maps of Stars.
1 vol., 12mo, 306 pp.....\$1.75.

— o — o —
ON SALE,
Sparks from My Forge.
By REV. A. B. KENNIG.
12mo. Pp. 138.....\$0.75.

"Sparks from My Forge" is a series of pulpit talks to young men and women, and shows the author to be an original, earnest and devoted man. He doubtless arrests and convinces audiences wherever they would fall. — *Commonwealth*, Boston.

— o — o —
READY - - NO. 10.
CHAUVAUQUA TEXT-BOOK.
WHAT IS EDUCATION?
By Prof. W. F. PRELPS, LL. D.
Price.....10 cents.

FOR SALE BY
James P. Magee,
38 Bromfield St., Boston.

WARS AND PEACE.
On the Kansas Pacific Railway, 3,000,000 Acres for Sale in the GOLDEN BELT. \$10 & \$2 per acre, 13 years credit. Wanted.

HOMES.
20 to 500 houses; Corn 40 to 800 bushels acre. No measure needed. Good schools, churches, and country. Railroad and market facilities excellent. Maps and full information FREE. Address S. CHILDS, Land Commissioner, Salina, Kansas.
35 c/w

TAMAR INDIEU
(Universally prescribed by the Faculty.) Laxative, Refreshing and Medicinal Fruit Lozenge; for the immediate relief and effectual cure of Constipation, Headache, Bile, Hemorrhoids, Catarrh (unlike pills and the usual purgatives), is agreeable to take and never produces irritation. E. WILLSON, 27 Rue Rambuteau, Paris. Sold by all chemists. E. FOUGERA & CO., 80 North Williams Street, New York.
16

Cancer
Cured by Dr. Kingsley, who has treated in Rome, N. Y., nearly 15,000 cases within the last 25 years. Of 10,000 Ministers and the Poor cured free. Over 100 years strickenness; Tumors removed; Flatulency and all diseases successfully treated. Send for circular giving specific and other remedies. Write for a Circular at once. Sent by mail.
W. J. P. KINGSELEY, M.D., Rome, N. Y.
17

DR. BIRMINGHAM,
Native Botanic Blood Physician,
CHANGE OF PLACE.
On and after May 1st, 1878, Dr. Birmingham's office for consultation will be at 14 Chambers St., Boston. Nearly opposite his former store.
He treats all diseases that nature is heir to. Correct examinations without cost, and the result of medicine can be seen at the office.
Hours for consultation: Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.
245

THIS PAPER may be found on every street corner. BOWELL & CO'S NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING BUREAU (10 Spruce Street), where advertisements and publishing contracts may be made for it in any part of NEW YORK.

KIRK'S SON
ADVERTISING AGENTS.
TIMES BUILDING Chestnut PHILADELPHIA.
AYER & SON'S PRINTING OFFICE sent postage on receipt of 25c cent. GET OUR ESTIMATE before making any Advertising Contracts.

ZION'S HERALD.
OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, WEEKLY LEXAN BUILDING, 36 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.
Price \$2.50, Payable in Advance.
Postage 30cents per year.
SPECIMEN COPIES FREE.

It should be read by every Methodist in New England.
It contains an average of forty-two columns reading matter contributed to the paper.
The ablest pens in the Methodist Episcopal Church constantly contribute to the pages.
In every number you will find a summary of religious news from your own Churches in this country, and also from all parts of the world.
Carefully prepared and reliable notes on the Sunday school is made of the finest ink in existence. This alone is worth the price of the paper.
All other departments of the paper supplied with original and fresh material.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.
The name of each subscriber is printed on the paper sent every week, and the date following the name indicates the year and month to which it is paid. If the date does not correspond with payments made, the subscriber should notify the Publisher immediately.
Postmasters send subscribers wishing to stop a paper, or change its direction, should be very particular to give notice of such action to the publisher, which has been sent, as well as the one to which they wish it sent.
To return a paper, or refuse to take it from a post-office is not a proper notice to stop it. Persons desiring to discontinue their paper should write to the office of publication and say so; but should a department of the paper be wanted, or for a subscription is legally bound as long as the paper may be taken, no notice need be given.
Communications which we are unable to publish will be returned to the writer, if the request so. Is made of the time, year, and the requisite stamps are enclosed. It is generally useless to make this kind of communication unless time. Articles are frequently rejected which is undervalued into half their space, we might be glad to use. Anonymous communications go into the waste-basket at once, unread.
Articles are paid for only when this is expressly stipulated.

ALONZO S. WEED,
Publisher,
36 BROMFIELD ST., BOSTON.

